

56221180R



NLM 05297629 8

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

Health, Education



Health Service



Health, Education



U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



Health Service



Health, Education



Health Service



and Welfare, Public



and Welfare, Public



and Welfare, Public



Health, Education



Health Service



Health, Education



U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



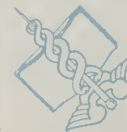
U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



U S Department of



Bethesda, Md



Health Service



Health, Education



Health Service





Old Recollections of an Old Boy

[167] *SHERWELL* (Samuel)—Old Recollections of an
Old Boy. 8vo. New York 1923

First edition. Cloth.

\$7.50



J. Stewart

Old Recollections of an Old Boy

By
Samuel Sherwell, M.D.



1360

The Knickerbocker Press
New York
1923

Copyright, 1923
by
Samuel Sherwell

WZ
100
S55425
1923



Made in the United States of America

*It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long
But, presently, you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done
An' turn another—likely not so good,
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.*

— “Sestina of the Tramp Royal”

RUDYARD KIPLING

FOREWORD

My friends insist that I put these old reminiscences into writing; are they my enemies? Sometimes I think so; but it is certainly true that often without premeditation or deliberate intention on my part I have been thrown, to quote Virgil, "*per varios casos, atque tot discrimina rerum*" into events, either as a simple observer or as a more or less active participant, that have been epoch making. The main events are those of the three decades of the middle Victorian period, which were so full of incident and in which so much of history—social, scientific, war-like, and dynastic—was enacted, just far distant enough from the present generation to be shadowy, except to the relatively few who have attained their seventy-five years or better, as myself.

Of course in narration the first personal pronoun must necessarily be somewhat overworked, but I will do the best I can to avoid the appearance of egotism. I have begun my narrative with a word or two about my youth, because it was so different from that of a boy of the present day.

S. S.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| FOREWORD | vii |
| EARLY YEARS IN DEVON | 3 |
| SCHOOL DAYS | 11 |
| LONDON AND PARIS | 19 |
| THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE | 34 |
| IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA | 51 |
| "ACROSS THE PLAINS" | 70 |
| DENVER AND THE GREAT DIVIDE | 93 |
| EASTWARD HO | 116 |
| PROSPECTING | 134 |
| MEDICINE AND OLD WIEN | 150 |
| ITALY AND LAST DAYS IN VIENNA | 167 |
| A WALKING TRIP IN THE TYROL | 188 |
| THE ALETSCHE GLACIER | 202 |
| WAR. THE ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBULANCE | 218 |
| SERVICE AT ORLEANS | 229 |
| END OF ADVENTURE | 239 |
| AFTERWORD | 256 |
| APPENDIX | 263 |

Old Recollections of an Old Boy

"Quaeque omnia vidi et quorum pars minissima fui"
(all of which things I saw, and a very small part of which
I was).—*The Aeneid paraphrased.*

Old Recollections of an Old Boy

I

EARLY YEARS IN DEVON

I WAS born early in the month of February, 1841, in a village or hamlet on the southern edge of Dartmoor, that bleak and sombre table-land, surrounded by the most smiling and fertile country I think, in the temperate zone, if not in the world. My father had a numerous family (there were nine of us) and an equally varied vocation in life,—that of clothier, general store-keeper, insurance agent, and so on. His prototype can be found in all New England villages. He was a man well read, humorous, kindhearted, always serving his neighbors and doing his duty to them, as in the cholera time of 1837, when in serving them he displayed heroism. He died respected and loved in 1876. My three brothers have since died; one, a great hunter, was killed at the beginning of the Boer War after a residence of twenty-six years in South Africa;

4 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

another died among the Maoris in New Zealand; the third in London. Two sisters are still living. I am now the oldest living member of the family. The history, you see, is that of the ordinary middle class English family; boys must get out, or the great portion of them.

I was almost from my birth destined for the United States, for some of my forebears had settled here and prospered exceedingly, notably one whom all Brooklyn knew, Augustus Graham, the founder of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He it was who first established the white lead paint industry of the United States. He was my grandmother's brother. But enough of this family history; did it not bear on other matters, I should leave it out entirely. Enough to say that my father spent some months touring the United States with Mr. Graham in 1847 and became so mightily impressed by its resources and social activities that the weekly *New York Tribune* was afterwards sent to him regularly. I looked forward eagerly to each arrival of that journal at that time of irregular mails, which came by sailing packets and the early steam vessels.

My life was such as might be expected until I was ten years of age,—school and the running of the hills and moors, fishing in the moorland streams, and at night listening to the legends, generally gloomy and horrifying, of the moors

and the haunted houses, lanes, and cross-roads. The lanes, which in the daylight were smiling enough, at night became full of pixies, ghosts, and terrors. In that legend-haunted country, at nearly every other cross-road either a murder had been committed, or a suicide buried on a flinty bed, according to the old law, and there was a separate and individual *wishness*, or damnèd ghost, at every place. Most of the biggest pools of the dark moor water in our little river were tenanted, according to the boys, nay, even by their ignorant elders, with malevolent spirits. A New England or a Western schoolboy could hardly understand these fancies, but they were very real to us.

There was no railroad,—that came later; from Exeter to Land's End in Cornwall, a scarlet stage coach, "the Royal Mail," came each way once a day. Its important driver and equally important guard or conductor, the sweating horses, the equally excited four for rapid change, the fanfare of the guard's bugle, then the start off again at twelve miles an hour; these provided the daily wonder of the small boy, and of the bigger ones also.

Ours was the country of Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Gilbert, the worthies of Elizabeth's time and scourges of the Spanish Main. On the banks of the Dart River near by were the farms on which some of these had retired to spend their

6 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

older days among their dairy maids and farm hands. A strange metamorphosis was this after their lives of plunder, and the piracies of youth and middle life on the Spanish Main. All sorts of legends were related of them and those like unto them though lesser known.

The hilltops of the western edge of Dartmoor, mountains to us boys, had all been beacons, with huge piles of brush ready to make bonfires and alarm the country in case of the then threatened invasion by the French under Bonaparte. This was not much more than a quarter of a century before my time; and country women would still quiet fretful or crying children by telling them that "Boney" would come for them if they were not good. Speaking of bonfires, I am reminded of the prescriptive right, or permitted custom, at least, of the boys to go up on the moors at certain times of the year and set fire to the furze (known in different parts of Britain by other names, such as gorze, and whin). This was usually done by a gang of us at night, the scattered patches being about waist high, as a rule, and varying in size from a yard square to a score or more in diameter. Those who know this bush know its resinous properties and need hardly be told that it makes a fierce though short-lived flame. This was glorious to the boy,—all the fun of incendiarism and pyromania, without any of its penalties. It was almost as enjoyable for those

who saw it from the hamlets below. What a chance it would have been for Yankee boys to celebrate the Fourth! We used to celebrate the fifth of November instead, the anniversary of Guy Fawkes and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

Lights other than those spoken of were bad, and expensive at that. Candles alone constituted the illuminating media in both the thatched cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich. Burning the midnight oil was a figure of speech at that time, as I remember it. The poor used dried rushes, which had been cut with fair exactitude to form a square instead of columnar shaft; these, by repeated dippings into hot tallow made a candle which at least rendered darkness visible. A better variety was made with a twisted cotton or linen wick, fastened in frames dipped in the same way; all families of any means possessed this kind. Wax ones, treated in almost the same way, were the most luxurious and light-giving of all those made in moulds (first of wax, later of paraffin); this was to be aristocratic. Then came gas in the cities and towns and, twenty-five years after, the beneficent petroleum. Later still, electricity. One can fancy how it would have amazed the farmer of that time to see the little country villages dazzling with electric light.

This was a stirring time, politically, between 1847 and 1850, which included the Chartist Riots

in England, the Polish Revolution, and French and German political agitations, followed in the first by the flight of Louis Philippe, and as sequel to that, the election first of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic, and shortly after the Coup d'Etat and his assumption of the title of Emperor; in Germany, the primary successes of the Republican element over all the central and northern parts, their rigorous quelling and subjection, and the flood of emigration attendant. This, too, was the golden age of literature of the Victorian period, or at least, its commencement—Hood, Thackeray, Macaulay, and others,—last, and in the popular mind best of all, Charles Dickens.

I was, even in those early days, an omnivorous reader. My father had a good and well-chosen library, in which I think I read every book, from Smollett to Walter Scott; some were a little Orphic, but I do not think they made any abnormal or immoral impression upon me, and I passed many delightful hours with them in the attic or under the trees in the woods. *Punch*, too, came out in the early forties. My father subscribed to it from the first, and I distinctly remember, even when only five years of age, enjoying the cartoons and caricatures. It was an imitation of the Parisian "Charivari," and an improvement on it. One can scarcely estimate today the influence, social, and even political,

which it has exerted. Most of the works of Dickens and Thackeray came out in serial form, and each one was looked for each month with the greatest zest and impatience.

In 1851, when I was about ten years of age, it was thought best to send me to boarding school; so my father, having made the acquaintance of a pedagogue, the second master in a classical Grammar School in Falmouth, Cornwall, decided that I should go there. From that time forth, I may say, I spent little time at home, only my vacations, which were not long, a fortnight or so at Christmas and five or six weeks in summer. After all, this arrangement suited my inclinations well enough. The railroad, by this time, was an accomplished fact as far as Plymouth, but was crude, slow, and imperfect as compared with that of today. So I was put with my bag and baggage, not an extensive outfit, on board the mail coach, on the box seat beside the driver, or "coachey," as he was called, put in charge of the guard, and sent on my ninety mile journey, which took about eight hours in transit. It was a delightful trip, with the admirable roads, the ordinarily beautiful scenery, fast motion, smiling wayfarers, and the rosy cheeked lassies. The important but condescending whip, who, as old Weller remarked, was on the best of terms with "a hundred mile of wimmin," made due impression on me, and the cheery flourish of the bugle,

10 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

to give notice at all important towns or mail stations, or for change of horses, was an inspiration. It was a tired but, thanks to the good provant that my fond mother had provided for me, not a hungry youngster, that arrived at last at his destination in that good old Cornish town.

II

SCHOOL DAYS

I FOUND the master, Mr. Nash, a good enough old boy. He lived with his daughter and another old maid in a quiet way. I boarded with them the whole time I was at that school. The other boys for the most part were of about my own age or a little older. In the time of which I write, since these were the days of the old East India Company, most of them were being educated with a view to entering that service, or the Navy, or occasionally the Army. A few of them, like myself, were not yet assigned to any definite career.

The school bore much resemblance to the one so vividly described by Rudyard Kipling in "Stalky and Company." The chief studies were the dead languages, and more or less of the higher mathematics, in which I ranked with the elder boys. I took kindly enough to Latin, but shied the Greek, and finally persuaded my father to allow me to study French instead. I do not know now whether I am glad or sorry that he did not compel me to study both. I became quite proficient in

12 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

French, and stood at the head of my class in that study.

Our chief at that time was the curate of a Chapel of Ease, a church appendix, as it were, in the outskirts of the town in which he lived. Though a good man doubtless, he was a severe disciplinarian, a very martinet, who always had recourse to the sternest measures without any regard to the youth of the offender or the tenderness of his skin. One seldom passed a fortnight without passing under the rod, as it were. Even some of the larger boys did not escape. The whole system was a great contrast to the milder methods and more reasonable pedagogy of today. This gentleman had two sons in the school to whom he showed no favor, but rather, Brutus-like, administered their canings with the full rigor of the law. Weakness in Greek was the chief cause of their punishments, and their experience was one of my good reasons for avoiding that subject. They were not quite so talented as some others, but he seemed to try to stimulate their mental activity through their hides. Poor fellows, even we others used to pity them. In after years I learned that due to the Doctor's parental severity both of his boys ran away from home, and his only daughter eloped, an evidence that too strenuous discipline sometimes fails in its purpose.

All new boys, and especially those who came

from other shires, were expected to make their footing good by single combat with another fellow chosen by the class. That was the unwritten law, and was religiously obeyed. Consequently, after a few days, it became my turn to stand up and try conclusions with another boy, my superior in age, though not in stature, for I was a tall lanky fellow for my age. He was Cornish, and his name was Charley James, not very intellectual, as I remember, but a goodnatured fellow. He polished me off in two or three rounds, and left me with a cut mouth and a couple of black eyes, but my footing was then established; I had paid my debt to fate.

At a later period I fell into a quarrel with another youth, hight Moriarty, one of the best of fellows. Our ring was made up *secundum artem*, with a bottle holder and other accessories. This time, however, I had the good fortune to be the winner, but presuming upon this a few months afterward, owing to more or less bullying on my part, the battle was renewed, and he gave me a capital good licking, which I fully deserved and am now very glad of. These quarrels, however, never interfered with our good comradeship. Indeed, before I had quite recovered from the bruises he inflicted upon me in the last fight, I was one of a chain of boys who helped to save him from drowning. As his name would imply, he was of Irish descent, on one

14 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

side at least. He used to claim with a good deal of pride that he had royal blood in his veins, being descended from Henry VIII, in a lefthanded way, which was entirely possible. He was extremely good natured and was always getting into scrapes and then getting out of them with equal facility. He went to India a few years later, and lost his life in the Mutiny.

As an example of our headmaster's severe discipline, I must again refer to Charley James. He was thoroughly good-natured and stolid to the point of stoicism. I do not think that three days ever passed without his receiving more or less corporal punishment. He was never up to the mark in his lessons, and it would appear that the Doctor thought stripes the best way of instilling instruction. Charley bore the severest punishment, however, without whine or whimper, and would return to his desk wiping his nose and perhaps his eyes, but still with a grin on his countenance.

Naturally, I did not escape. I remember particularly one episode, for which I received perhaps the most exemplary caning that ever befell me. The Doctor was a fanatical, though probably an entirely honest and devout adherent of the Established Church of England, and as such he used to open the day's studies with fairly long and fervent prayers. While doing this, he was ordinarily so rapt in what I might term

“religious ecstasy” as to seem oblivious to everything around him. On this particular occasion, however, an unholy spirit of perversity moved me to make an effort to stand on my head instead of occupying a more devotional attitude. Probably the snickering of some movement of the boys attracted his attention, and he saw my boots where my head should have been. I need scarcely say what followed, but I remember it to this day. It took me a week or two to get over my stripes and quite as much time to write out the number of lines of Virgil imposed as an additional penalty.

About this time, the fall of 1851, ours being a seaport town and every one in it being more or less connected with sea affairs and sailing boats, we were all most disagreeably astonished by the fact that an American built and sailed boat, the “America,” should come and beat our “Yatches,” as Punch said. It seemed incomprehensible that anything could beat an English boat, and every one set to carving models, and wondering how it could have happened. We could not but believe that some machinery was concealed on our rivals’ boat, along the keel, perhaps, which gave it an unfair advantage. This event, we now know, was destined to create a revolution in the models of fast sailing crafts, of that kind, at any rate.

Our holidays, delightful Saturdays, were spent on the hoary cliffs and shingled beaches among

the numerous inlets of that rugged coast. One could fish and make a fair catch in a short time in the deep recesses of the very irregular contour. Also, by turning over a small rock when the tide was out, one could often find a magnificent crab at least six or seven inches across, whose appetizing flavor was in just proportion to his size. One or two of the boys possessed single-barrel guns, and we would go out by the seaside in bands of ten or twelve to shoot anything that had a feather on it, quite forgetting our Virgil and Caesar, and the canings that were bound to result from our neglected lessons.

After two or three years at this school, I was transferred to another nearer home, at Devonport, about twelve or fourteen miles from my birthplace. It may be remembered as a town adjoining and practically making a large whole with Plymouth, although they were really separate corporations. It may also be remembered that the Government arsenal and dockyard of Devonport is perhaps the largest and best equipped in Great Britain, which alone would distinguish it. The sight of the dismantled and partially obsolete men of war, with their many storied decks and white port holes (mementoes of the times of Nelson, Collingwood, and later heroes), which were moored for miles up the Tamar River, the dividing stream between Devonshire and Cornwall, was most inspiring evidence of the

strength of the olden time wooden walls of England.

My new school, conducted by Dr. Roberts, although severe in discipline, dealt less in corporal punishment than the other, and gave more incentive to work on a reasonable basis. In fact, the boys here were older and better developed in understanding. It was a well-conducted school and I have little to record of my years spent in it. One event, however, stands out clearly, and I remember it with very great distinctness, the visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in her royal yacht, the "Victoria," to the shires and dignitaries of Plymouth and Devonport. Of course we were all intensely loyal, and were lined up in our best array, just back of the rows of soldiers, to see the royal family cross the esplanade toward the jetties where their boat was awaiting them. I distinctly remember how surprised I was to see that the Queen was not more regal in appearance. Prince Albert, however, was a fine looking man. He wore a tight frock coat, and was easily the most imposing personage present. It was a bitterly cold day, the wind blowing very acutely across the esplanade. The Queen did not appear to be dressed in good taste; she had on her favorite camel's hair shawl and a small bonnet, and her nose was extremely red. Four of the children were present. Young Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, afterward

King, was dressed, as were the other boys, in Highland tartan. They looked excessively cold, and had to use their handkerchiefs very frequently. On the whole, it was not a particularly impressive spectacle, save when at the time of their reëmbarkation on board the royal yacht, the large number of powerful war vessels gathered on the occasion fired the royal salute. I was presented to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in later years, when he appeared to be decidedly more comfortable and happy.

III

LONDON AND PARIS

IN January, 1857, after a very short sojourn at my home, I was sent to London to become an attaché in a position quite subordinate, though dignified with a high-sounding title, Assistant to the Publisher, in the office of the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette, a shipping newspaper, which has since been merged in Lloyd's Register. At that time it was edited and owned by Sir William Mitchell, who was a warm friend of my father's. My father had been of some assistance to him in Sir William's younger and poorer days when he was a compositor. By great energy and business tact he had made his way upward, until he became the main owner of that publication, and finally acquired possession of the well-known Code of Marine Signals which he published, thereby procuring his knighthood from the government of Her Majesty.

My eldest brother was also living in London at this time, and I boarded with him in one of the suburbs. He was a member of a firm of lithographers, a pseudo-artist. He never married, and at the time of which I speak was absolutely

20 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Bohemian in his habits, as were all the other members of his group. There existed a sort of free-masonry among all the men engaged in that business, and among the kindred spirits employed in wood engraving for Punch and the other periodicals; and there was great freedom of manners between them and their fair grisette affinities. We had some merry times together, purely platonic so far as I was concerned. I considered them simply high spirited frolicking damsels and no one took any pains to undeceive me.

My hours were light, from nine until three or four, and my father seemed to be satisfied if I had enough to do to keep me out of absolute mischief. I was paid the small stipend of ten shillings a week, but my living expenses, excepting my daily lunches in the City, were met by my father. It seems astonishing now what a large income that seemed to be, and really was, to a boy. Money then bought very much more than it does now.

It was a glorious time for a young fellow versed in all the writings of Dickens, Thackeray, and their contemporaries. With my short hours for work, I had plenty of leisure, and used to spend much of it wandering about that great town, entirely free. The street where Dickens had his early distasteful experiences was not far away; the Tower was close at hand; the London Monument was at the back door; the Billingsgate

Fishmarket was near by; and the Marshalsea Prison was still existent. Fleet Ditch, where Bill Sykes met his fate, the ugly and dirty Smithfield Market, in full blast every night with its pens full of lowing kine, Bow Street Courthouse, Newgate, were all there in their pristine state.

I remember well being sent one day to Oxford Street, and having to pass through Newgate Street, by St. Sepulchre's Church, where I saw the forms of two murderers, a Mr. and Mrs. Manning, I think, who had been convicted of poisoning with strychnia, a new drug then. They had just been "turned off" from the top of Newgate Gaol. To me, they seemed uncommonly like a pair of dolls, such as one used to find on the signs in Petticoat Lane in Whitechapel before a rag house. I have purposely stood upon the spot, as near as I could make it out, at the same hour, and tried to conjure up the scene between Nancy and Oliver and his benefactors by the butment of the London Bridge. The little wooden midshipman of Cap'n Cuttle and Sol Gill's Shop was a near neighbor of mine in Leadenhall Street.

It was a quaint, half serious, and half romantic life that I led during my free time. So imbued was I with the spirit of Dickens that I tried to follow up the haunts and abodes of all his more notable characters, and I came to know his London rather well.

Naturally, through my position in the office, and also through the kindness of my superiors, a goodly number of theatre orders and admittances to playhouses and concerts used to filter down to me,—also those for the opera, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and other notable resorts of the time. I heard a great deal of good music when Jenny Lind, Mario, Grisi, Alboni, and others were singing. (I remember that I then thought it very funny that Grisi should be extremely meager, and Alboni very fat, in contradistinction to their names.) I was seldom at a loss as to where I should spend my evenings. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, I did not possess a dress coat; so I had to exchange my box tickets for seats higher up in the opera and other first class houses, but I enjoyed it just as well, I fancy.

Better still, I used to enjoy joining my brother and his Bohemian comrades in visiting the music halls. The prices of admission were ridiculously low, as we should view it now. The “halls” were relatively new creations at this time, but the old Canterbury on the Surrey side and Oxford Music Hall in Oxford Street were favorite haunts. At this time, the negro melodies had just invaded Britain and were great favorites. “Old Susannah,” “Old Dan Tucker,” and others were novelties, and the cork comedians of that time were moderately good imitations of the

troupes that were popular in New York for so many years. Smoking and drinking were not prohibited,—nay, rather were encouraged, and seated side by side were more or less all classes of the male fraternity of London social life. The associated sisterhood, however, was rather less select, although often quite respectable.

In these ways and in these surroundings an interesting and joyous year was spent. I recall only one disagreeable incident. My father had given me a watch, my first, in which I took great pride. It was a Geneva hunting case, which I wore suspended from my neck by a riband, according to the manner of the youth of that day. On the day of the marriage of the Crown Princess (who, it will be remembered, married Friedrich Wilhelm, the Crown Prince of Germany), I went to the corner, two or three hundred yards from the office, to see the Royal Guards who garrisoned the Tower of London as they returned from the ceremony. I was hustled by a crowd of roughs, as we called them, and on escaping from the mêlée found the ring of my watch all that I had left of it. Not wishing to tell my father of the circumstance, I struck for an increase in my wage, got it, and raised money enough on the rise to get another.

The year 1857 passed in this pleasant way, without much variety, excepting that I became more and more habituated to my cockney life and

its enjoyments. Early in 1858 the world was startled by the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon III and Eugenie. As my memory serves me, this occurred about the middle of January. The would-be assassins, Orsini and Pieri, with two others, were taken red handed and soon afterward guillotined. Another one who was in close communication was later on arrested in England, and his trial, which stirred the two nations most profoundly, took place in the Mansion House. One of the members of my brother's firm was called to serve as juror. The trial was a long one, and great tension and excitement prevailed in both France and Great Britain, so much so that for two or three months ordinary travel for pleasure and otherwise was largely suspended between the two countries. The trial lasted for two or three weeks, and the verdict which was rendered, "not guilty," did not serve to diminish the tension.

Early in March, I received a letter from my father commanding me to hold myself in readiness to visit Paris, in consonance with the wishes of my American uncle with whom I was going to live in the near future. He wanted me to see something of Europe and particularly Paris before joining him in the United States. This was sufficiently agreeable news to me, as may be imagined. I found extreme difficulty in securing my passport, and was finally forced to apply

for it to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, under Lord Malmesbury. I may say here that this important and somewhat impressive looking document has served me well on many occasions since, for with Continental officials nothing goes so well as a big and sufficiently well stamped paper.

According to instructions, I left London about the middle of April, my father having provided for me very liberally. I embarked in a little steamship from the wharf of the General Navigation Company, in St. Katherine's Dock near London Bridge. Here again I was fortunate, for through my official connection with the Shipping and Mercantile Gazette I was given a free pass by boat and rail to Paris and back again, via Boulogne. We sailed in the morning, and it took as I remember, about thirty-six hours to accomplish the journey to Boulogne, going down the Thames and thence across the Channel. I was not at all seasick (that I have never been) and enjoyed the new experience hugely. We arrived at the French port on the evening of the following day, thence taking the night train to Paris. There were no sleeping cars on the trains at that time, and as the second class accommodations by rail were not eminently comfortable, every joint in me was stiff and sore when I reached the Gare du Nord early the next morning.

I knew not a soul in Paris. My single means of acquaintance there consisted in a letter of introduction to the agent of the steamship company. It was too early to go to the office, so I stayed in and around the buffet of the depot until a reasonable hour, then taking a one-horse fiacre, I made my way to the office which, nearly as I can remember, was in the Rue St. Honoré at about the intersection of what is now the Avenue de l' Opéra. I found the agent civil and obliging, and either he or one of his colleagues expressed the opinion that it was best for me to take a furnished room not far from there. The street,—how well I remember it! though the number of the house I have entirely forgotten,—was the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, “The New Street of the Little Fields,” which Thackeray has so immortalized in verse. I got this chamber, au quatrieme, I think, which was possibly the one occupied by the author on one of his early visits to Paris. I like to think so.

Being settled there, my next step was to secure a breakfast, and a good one, for I was mortally hungry. I think I have stated that my knowledge of French was pretty good. I am conceited enough to say that even then it was so, and my inquiries, which I made without difficulty, met with very civil response. As is well known, I was in a neighborhood not far from the Palais Royal, which at that time especially served a better pur-

pose perhaps than the lodgment of a frivolous and extravagant court. The arcades thereof were the sites of a large number of capital restaurants, among which might be mentioned Véry-Véfour, Les Trois Frères Provenceaux, Le Rocher de Cancale. I breakfasted at the café of Véry-Véfour. The waiter, observing my gaucherie and youth, behaved in an almost paternal manner toward me. I shall always remember him with pleasure. I was unaccustomed then to the formidable meal called breakfast in France, and taking him as guide, philosopher, and friend, I asked him what would be the best and quickest thing to be served me. I remember his response very well. "Perhaps, M'sieu cannot do better, at first, at least, than to have the same meal that M'sieu Orsini took before 'sneezing in the basket this morning.'" This will be understood as the slang term among the cockney Parisians for the decapitation by guillotine. I assented, and he brought me an *omelette au rhum*, which I ate with a good appetite and then called for more.

I then returned to my room, removed the stains of travel, and prepared to explore this newer metropolis. What more natural, having now Orsini on the brain, than to visit the prison in which he had been confined and the square in which he had that morning been executed. That being done, and my mind running somewhat on "damnation and the dead," I resolved to visit the

cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, which is a little farther on in the same vicinity. Every one knows what numbers of worthies are interred there, many of whose names stand out in history, but what attracted me most of all was the tomb of the lovers, Abelard and Héloïse,—“middle age” lovers, in every sense of the word.

Before leaving the subject of M. Orsini, I must again refer to the grave friction which then existed between the government officials of both countries. So grave was it, owing to the fact that England was then a refuge for revolutionists of every nation (the plot had doubtless been hatched and the bombs certainly made in England) and that the companion if not fellow conspirator, Bernard by name, had been arrested in England, that the “*entente cordiale*,” which had in such marked degree existed ever since the union of the French and English flags during the Crimean War, was decidedly strained. A little more might well have led to a war between the two nations.

I do not suppose a somewhat gawky English youth, as I must have been at that time, resembled a conspirator in any great degree, but I am convinced that certain shabby genteel men of middle age who at various times during my sojourn in Paris fell into conversation with me, and during the conversation interviewed or pumped me, as I now see they did, were really *mouchards*

or secret service men. However, they must have been soon convinced that I was a negligible quantity. They were useful to me in that they gave me many hints as to how to spend my time most pleasantly, if not usefully; in consequence I am still under obligations to them. Through the vista of years it now seems strange to me that in my many peregrinations about the city by day and night nothing serious in the shape of adventure or misadventure ever befell me; I traversed all quarters, from the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Temple to Sèvres and the opposite ends of Paris without meeting with a disagreeable incident, though many a curious one.

The Paris of that time was not the Hausmanized Paris that it is today, with its magnificent intersecting boulevards. The Faubourg St. Antoine, for instance, could not have looked greatly different from what it was during the Reign of Terror; the narrower and more obscure streets and alleys were still lighted in part by oil lamps suspended on ropes stretched from one side to the other. They helped one to comprehend the old song: "Ça ira, ça ira, les aristocrates à la lanterne." Paris is ever gay, but it seems to me—perhaps because I was more impressionable on my first visit—that it was gayer then than now, though perhaps not so brilliant. The bourgeoisie seemed to be on better terms with themselves, more genial, than at present, such a difference as

we find between Paul de Koch and Daudet or other later writers.

I have often been impressed with the resemblance between my lonely and isolated condition in the great city with that of the youth so vividly described by Du Maurier in Peter Ibbetson. though I was not subject to the melancholy moods of that youthful hero. On the contrary, I enjoyed myself every minute. What with excursions to St. Cloud, Vincennes, Fontainebleau, and where not, I spent little time in philosophizing.

Frequently in the old *diligences* I would fall in with merry parties, sometimes a wedding party who were celebrating their *noces* in one of those favored resorts, and I was not infrequently invited to become a guest. I remember on one occasion I was asked to salute the bride, a proceeding from which she suffered much less embarrassment than myself.

To see the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie at about three o'clock on their daily drive from the Champs Elysées to the Bois du Boulogne was always an event, if nothing else offered. I saw them several times, always escorted by the outriders and a body of lancers with their pennons fluttering gaily. It will be remembered that this was the time of the bouffant skirt and crinoline, immortalized by John Leech in Punch and other journals. The Emperor was not a large man, and I remember that the beauti-

ful Empress's drapery fairly hid him from sight in the landau in which they were riding. With her magnificent *châtain*e hair and regular features, and the air of hauteur which so well became her, she certainly was a beautiful woman, but, after all, the motherly and complacent dignity of Victoria was to my insular mind more impressive.

At night Paris, the city of theatres, had enough to amuse anyone. I patronized a good many, for I was a sufficiently good Frenchman to gather at least the plot and a large portion of the dialogue. Naturally I visited a few times the traditional temple, the Théâtre Français, where I had the great pleasure (though I could not sufficiently appreciate it then) of seeing the famous Rachel and her contemporaries. But I am free to say that the Variétés of the Boulevard Poissonnière, the open air concerts, and other vaudevilles of the Champs Elysées pleased me best. I remember well going once to hear at the Bouffes Parisiennes in the Passage Choiseul Mademoiselle Schneider, whose charming personality scandal then connected with the Emperor. She sang the chief role in "La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme," one of the first pieces of Offenbach, for whose operettas there was later such a furore.

Thus I passed my days and nights, and my old *concierges*, a cobbler, and his wife, became quite

32 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

accustomed to my coming in at very late hours, and were very appreciative of the *pourboires* which I gave them.

My purse at last becoming somewhat depleted, I was fain to think of returning home after a visit of some five or six weeks. Having been presented with a return ticket, I had perforce to return by the same route over which I had come. Upon re-embarking on the steamer, I found that many of the celebrated band of the "Guides," the pet municipal regiment of Paris, were to be my fellow passengers. They were a good humored, garrulous lot. We had fairly good channel weather, and they were delighted at first by the dancing motion of the relatively tiny steamer, but their gaiety faded almost minute by minute as they became quieter, and very, very sick. I think I never saw a body of men whose faces grew as yellow as their instruments in so short a space of time. One could well understand the formidable defense that silver streak of sea would form against invasion. A more demoralized crowd could scarcely be imagined. I had the pleasure afterward of hearing these gentlemen play at concerts in the Crystal Palace, decked in all their martial bravery, and could not help contrasting it with their forlorn appearance on the deck of our little steamer.

The voyage across the channel and up the Thames was made without incident, and behold

me again in London. Here I remained for some two or three weeks making my preparations for my departure to America, when I was to bid England farewell for a few years.

IV

THE FIRST ATLANTIC CABLE

FROM London I went to my home in Devonshire to await the day of sailing. I found that owing to the kindness and influence of my uncle I was destined to become a passenger on the United States frigate "Niagara," at that time taking on the electric cable to be laid between Newfoundland and Valencia Bay, Ireland. It will be remembered that an entirely abortive attempt to do this had been made the previous year. The idea of international telegraphic communication at that immense distance was an epoch-making one. Young as I was then, I scarcely appreciated the opportunity for observation which was so soon to present itself.

It appeared that my Uncle Robert Sherwell of Brooklyn and Captain William Hudson of the U. S. Frigate Niagara were very dear friends, and that the Captain had promised to bring me over with him. As we all know, a Captain in the Navy with a large family is not a rich man. My uncle had been exceedingly successful, and in looking back I have considered it probable that

my uncle had been loving and generous toward him, as was his habit with all his friends, and that possibly the Captain felt some sort of obligation. Certain it was that during all the time of the voyage I made with him on the "Niagara" I was the recipient of the greatest kindness from the Captain in word and deed. Every one who knew him respected him; I can almost add reverence to my respect. He was not an Annapolis man but had risen to the command of the finest vessel in the U. S. Navy through his distinguished services in the Mexican and other wars. He spent a day or two at my Grandmother's home, but during his stay in England while his ship was loading with the cable at the dock yard of Devonport, he was for most of the time the guest of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, whose demesne overlooks Plymouth.

On the afternoon of June 9th, 1858, I boarded the frigate, was received by the Captain, and shown to my quarters, which I found to my surprise, and gratification, formed a portion of his own stateroom. All the staterooms in the upper cabin aft had been similarly divided in order to make room for the guests, engineers, and promoters of the great enterprise. I remember that Cyrus W. Field had half of the first officer's room. So far as I can remember, the Captain's mess consisted of the following passengers: Cyrus W. Field, the active promoter and business manager of the great enterprise; Edward Ever-

ett, the chief constructive engineer of the U. S. Navy; Colonel Woodehouse, a distinguished engineer of the British army, representing his government; Baron Boisjer, a Russian Naval Captain deputed by his government; a certain plain Mr. Thompson, a well known scientist and electrical engineering authority, in later years better known as Lord Kelvin; Lieutenant North, the second in command of the frigate; the Captain's son and secretary, Mr. John Hudson; and lastly, myself.

The Captain had placed me at his right hand at the table, which to a fairly well behaved but somewhat shy youth was quite as much of an embarrassment as an honor. I often wished that I could have been more in the cold shade of such aristocracy of science and talent.

Our squadron, for we amounted to that, was composed of the crack English frigate, "Agamemnon," our own vessel, our consorts or, more properly, tenders, the two English sloops of war "Gorgon" and "Valorous," of which the former had been assigned to the "Niagara." The morning of the 10th was bright and beautiful, and we sailed majestically down the Channel, outward to our destined goal. Our orders were to meet at a certain definite central point between Newfoundland and Valencia Bay, Ireland, there to splice the cables from the respective sterns of the Niagara and the Eng-

lish frigate; when this was done we were to part, spinning out our submerged cable threads like a pair of huge spiders, until we reached our respective termini. For a few days our boats kept fairly in sight of each other, the "Gorgon" steaming slightly in advance of our frigate; but after three or four days the weather, which had been blowing something more than a light gale, increased fearfully, so that although it was almost the middle of the summer we appeared to be plunging into a cyclone. War vessels like the "Niagara" which could steam eight knots an hour were in that period counted almost phenomenal, but in this sea and wind it was all we could do part of the time to keep steerage way. The ships labored tremendously. On ours, the cables had been stowed in at least four separate coils, ready to be spliced, but very little of it was on deck. The "Agamemnon," on the contrary, had her share of the cable, some sixteen or eighteen hundred miles of it, in one huge coil about midships extending from the keels on to the upper decks, and three hundred miles of it on the spar deck. The stanchions had been cut away in that part of the ship, thus necessarily weakening her considerably, and she labored tremendously in the fearful seas, the immense weight acting like a pendulum. We feared, as they did on the "Agamemnon," that she would be disabled or even foundered.

38 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Rockets and signals passed between us night and day to indicate to each the other's whereabouts, but we lost sight of her one evening and feared the worst. We found out later that the captain of the "Agamemnon" had decided to "wear ship" and run before the wind, in order to get out of the chaos. We had little time to worry, for we were busy with our own ship. During the storm the major portion of our bowsprit was swept off and one of the wings of our eagle figurehead was blown away, so that the poor bird was in bad order for flying. Probably we were never in greater danger than when one of the two immense cigar-shaped buoys, intended to sustain the weight of two or three miles of cable in the water, broke loose while the storm was at its greatest violence. The free end of the buoy lashed about dangerously until the chains holding the other end were hacked off with axes by some daring seamen. When the buoy was entirely loose, it floated about for awhile like a bob for a gigantic whale, until it finally sank, the hull having fortunately been punched in either through accident or design.

After much stress and delay (this terrific storm lasted nearly seven days) we arrived at the designated latitude and longitude, where we stayed for two or three days, as the sea gradually went down, waiting the arrival of our consort and its tender, with the greatest anxiety. Eventually,

on the morning of June twenty-fourth they appeared and joined us. The captain of the "Agamemnon" reported to us the damages which his vessel had sustained; the three hundred miles of cable on the spar deck had slipped overboard, carrying the bulwarks with it; he had also lost over three hundred tons of coal which had been stowed on the upper deck; and the boat's bowsprit and spars were in pretty bad condition. Still, he was able to proceed with the undertaking.

All of this damage was forgotten, or at least disregarded, in the quietude of the Atlantic that subsequently prevailed. The splices were now made and the cables lowered into the ocean, and the frigates sailed apart as had been planned. This procedure, however, had to be repeated three times, on account of the parting of the cable, the first time due to some fault on the part of our own paying-out machinery, which ruptured the cable when the vessels were about three miles apart; the second, at about fifty miles distance, through some failure of the "Agamemnon's" machinery; and the third, when the two vessels were about three hundred miles apart. It had been agreed, in case of this last parting at such a distance, that each vessel should go at once to some port in England, and arrange for what further action should be done in the enterprise. Accordingly, after waiting I think nearly twenty-four hours in hopes of receiving the signals which

40 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

were constantly passing while the cables were being laid, we reluctantly turned our heads eastward once more, and made the best of our way back to Queenstown, where we had been instructed to go in such case. From this time on until the successful termination of the great undertaking we had no more bad weather.

On July 4th we sighted the Irish coast, and passed the old Head of Kinsale on the same day about dinner time. Of course we celebrated the occasion at the Captain's mess, but in a less joyous mood than usually falls to its lot. Still, the hearts of the men so intimately associated with the great enterprise did not fail them. Toasts were drunk to all the countries represented, and not a few short speeches were made and humorous stories related. The dear old Captain himself, I remember, had only two in his repertoire, which I heard on more than one occasion later. One was a humorous yarn which I suppose is still current in the Navy, concerning the impropriety and even penalization of an offender caught "paying a seam before caulking it"; and the other the narration of an incident which he had witnessed as a Junior officer, of the indirection of a dog whose tail had been cut off while wagging it over a butcher's block, and the havoc he created in his flight, after being thus deprived of his steering gear. The Captain would laugh at this old memory until the tears rolled down his cheeks,

and then would apologize to himself and the company for the enjoyment of the cruelty which he seemed to evince.

We remained at Queenstown, refitting and revictualling the boat, for about twelve days, the "Agamemnon" having made her return journey and arriving two or three days before we reached port at Milford Haven, where she made her repairs.

Baron Boisjer, the Russian, and I had become excellent friends during the voyage. Curiously enough, he spoke no English, although an excellent linguist otherwise. I spoke with him often in French, and observed the books that he was reading. Some of them, for he told me so himself, were anarchistic in character, but they apparently did not diminish his loyalty to the Czar and could not have done him any great harm. I suppose he was acting up to the motto that it is lawful to learn from an adversary. Some years after this the Baron visited the United States as the representative of his country in regard to certain business. I did not see him but learned afterward he had made inquiry after me. The Doctor of the frigate was a Past Assistant Surgeon at that time and afterward from long and good service became one of the Surgeon Generals of the U. S. Navy. His name was Gunnell, who lived in Washington until his death, a few months since. He also was a fairly good

42 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Frenchman, and the three of us were much together in consequence. Since we had idle time on our hands, a trip to the Lakes of Killarney and other places was proposed, and the three of us journeyed to that famous beauty spot of Erin, and enjoyed ourselves hugely. I cannot refrain from telling now of a little joke the wardroom had on him which the Doctor would doubtless have remembered and forgiven me for mentioning. He was much esteemed by his brother officers, but his name irresistibly suggested the addition of "Polly," and his fellows always alluded to him in their converse as "Polygonal." After we had "done" the Abbey and the Gap of Dunloe, we crossed the Lake in great style, and "had a drink with Kate Kearney."

I have not so far, excepting in the Doctor's case, spoken of the personnel of the officers and crew; I remember all of them with something very like affection. Lieutenant Commander North was a handsome, gallant officer, though inclined to be something of a martinet. Poor gentleman, he was a North Carolinian by birth, and, as such, at the breaking out of the Civil War a little more than two years later, felt compelled to resign from the U. S. Navy and enter the service of his State rather than that of the Union. Perhaps it was his good fortune never to have been active in the service of the Confederacy for he loved the old flag. No doubt his case was

paralleled by thousands of others. He died early in the sixties. The Second Lieutenant was Bancroft Gherardi, in later years a distinguished Admiral in the U. S. Navy, who died not many years ago.

I think the altogether messed-up and machinery-shop condition of the main decks of the frigate must have been a great trial to poor North. The general ignorance his passengers showed on points of marine etiquette, as evidenced particularly by a solecism of mine, must also have caused him considerable annoyance. It certainly gave me some. On one occasion, I think it was while we were in the Harbor at St. John's, Newfoundland, I was returning from shore in the gig with the Captain and some other officers or guests; the Captain, of course, was in his prescriptive place in the stern, and I sitting forward, was of course nearer the gangway, so in my simplicity and even goodness of heart I thought I would jump out and run up the ladder and be out of the way. The officer of the day, Lieutenant North, was there in command with a file of marines to salute his superior in proper form, and my advent ahead of the chief fairly paralyzed him, as it did also the marine guard. I shall never forget his obvious stupefaction at my heedless breaking of one of the most rigid convenances of the service, that the Captain should be the first on board and the last off. If he had known of the agony

of mind which I suffered when I realized later that I had committed such a breach of etiquette, I think even he would have forgiven me.

As the vessel was not ready to sail when we returned from Cork, I took a trip to Limerick and spent a couple of days there. As I reached there during Assize Week, I had some difficulty in obtaining respectable quarters, which I finally secured in a somewhat broken down hotel in what had been, but was no longer, a fashionable quarter. I shall never forget my hostess nor my waiter. It would require the pen of Charles Lever to describe them well. She was a tall gaunt woman, over six feet in height, with the most diabolic squint I have ever seen in my life, and though kindly disposed she was absolutely ferocious looking. The sole waiter, a superannuated, almost decrepit, old man, whose dress coat was almost as superannuated as himself, was a curiosity. But he served me well with excellent fare. Shore food tasted good after being so long at sea. I remember asking the waiter what were the points of interest in the town that I could visit, and his reply that there were the barracks, the gaol, and the county poor house. Think of that in the City of the Violated Treaty! However, I found other things more interesting. One thing in particular struck me there,—the big linen works of Limerick, and the bare-legged, rosy-faced, good-looking girls who were engaged

in spreading out the cloth on the bleaching grounds. They were full of spirit, but I think a "masher" would have fared ill amongst them. The mixed Celtic and Iberian ancestry of that part of the country accounts for their being so particularly well favored.

I got back to the ship in good shape on the evening of the 16th, passing from Cork down the little river Lee, and hearing "those bells of Shandon" as I boarded the "Niagara" once more.

On the morning of the 17th, we sailed again to make the final attempt, and the voyage up to the formerly designated spot in the centre of the Atlantic was this time made without misadventure of any kind. On the afternoon of our arrival, all the vessels of the squadron were in sight, and boats were constantly passing and repassing from the one to the other, visiting or carrying instructions and orders. The ocean was now quiet as a duck pond.

Again a somewhat curious incident, which does not often occur, I take it, took place at night. A large school of whales made their appearance, blowing and playing around the vessel. I was first made aware of their proximity by hearing through my port hole a sound as of dripping water. Looking out, within arm's reach, or nearer, it appeared to me, I saw something monstrous rising out of the water, something like an immense ship's long-boat, with its keel upward.

rough and, I may add without putting too fine a point on it, stinking. It was one of those immense cetaceans coming up to blow by the side of the vessel. Hurrying on deck, I perceived many of them, going through their various evolutions of play, rising to blow, sounding, and rolling. They seemingly took us for fellow denizens of the deep, larger than themselves, but harmless.

The next morning, after due preparations, the cable was again spliced; fortunately, this was the last time, and all went well. The ships parted after the orthodox salutations, and we saw our British friends no more. Then came the hope of final success, tempered by former misadventure; the chances ever brightening as we went on, and finally the full fruition, after about four days, the landing of the cable in Bull's Bay at the upper end of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. During all this time the signals had been constant and perfect, which I am able to constate. Owing to my position as the Captain's friend, no part of the ship or the electrical or engineering department was closed to me. Through the kindness of the electrical officers, I often received the electric current from the "Agamemnon" on the tip of my tongue. It was relatively a feeble one, and simply made the tip of my tongue tingle a little and produced a slightly sour taste.

We remained there I think not more than a couple of days. First in order was the ceremony

of landing the great wire. The Captain, Cyrus W. Field, and the more prominent and responsible men led the procession, each holding it in his hands. This time, I took my place where I belonged, very much at the end of the line. The end of the wire was deposited in the temporary office at or about the time when the arrival of the "Agamemnon" was signaled from Valencia.

I must here tell a fish story, which, I hope, will be believed, for it is true. While at Bull's Bay several of the younger wardroom officers, engineers, and electricians obtained leave to go a-fishing in the brooks of the vicinity. Mr. John Hudson and I joined the party. Our hooks were furnished by the quartermaster (who was in charge of the stores of the "cast-away equipment" carried in boats in case of the loss of the ship); we soon found them to be too large for our purpose. Our bait consisted of pieces of mutton chop. The trout were incredibly tame, and all who had mouths big enough to hang themselves on the hooks promptly did so; but after a time we found that method too slow, so in the pools of this slate formation, which had been hollowed out by rolling boulders, we would drop our hooks, which were surrounded in a moment by fish as tame as the ordinary goldfish in park ponds, and by jerking them up suddenly we would catch the fish in any way we could, heads or tails, it mat-

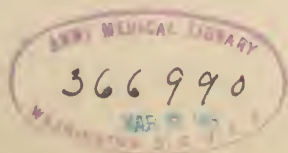
tered not. By this method, strange as it may appear, we succeeded in securing a fair mess in a very short time.

While returning down Trinity Bay on our way to St. John's, Newfoundland, we took on a little coal, our store of which was sadly depleted. Another striking incident occurred, which must have caused some destruction to animal as well as vegetable life. In some way the small spruces had become ignited on one side of the bay, and a tremendous conflagration ensued. Fortunately, it travelled in a direction away from the telegraph station of the newly laid wire.

On passing out in the centre of the channel, with deep water surrounding us, we were going at fairly full speed, say seven knots an hour, when the ship suddenly brought to a standstill, quivering all over. It seemed as if we had run upon a sand bank, or something akin. Since we were in a deep and well-charted channel, it doubtless was a submerged iceberg, of which there were quantities floating about. Fortunately no worse damage was sustained than the wrenching off of a portion of the false keel of the vessel; when she was docked for repairs in Brooklyn this was found to have occurred. Full speed was put on the vessel, and she virtually slid away from the obstacle, whatever it was, into free water again. It was an anxious moment, but was over more quickly than it can be narrated.

We arrived at St. John's in good condition, and there our fêting began. The good people of the island, from the Governor down, were very hospitable, almost urgently so, for they were plentifully supplied with other refreshments than water, and their insistent cordiality seemed to find expression in invitations to partake of them. I am sure it would have been unwise to give the crew any liberty there. Having coaled, we left St. John's on a blazing August day, for New York direct. As we passed Sable Island, dim in the distance, there were plenty of icebergs between it and us, and a mirage like that of the desert played strange pranks with those colossal masses.

We entered New York Harbor past Sandy Hook on the evening of August 9th, dropping anchor in Gravesend Bay for the night. From that time forth it is questionable, even in view of the many notable demonstrations that have since occurred in New York City, whether there was ever anything more kaleidoscopic in character than the fleet and the numerous craft large and small that displayed themselves in our progress in the Bay and up to the Battery the next morning. I landed from the Captain's gig at the Battery, where so many worthies have before and since landed with so much less state, and with Mr. John Hudson, the Captain's son, crossed to Brooklyn by the Wall Street Ferry, and went to



the Mansion House, the hotel which was to be my home for some years.

And now, a last closing incident, which remains as clearly in my memory as many more important ones. With him I went to a well-known restaurant in Clinton Street near by, and for the first time in my life tasted ice cream, which was then an unknown dainty in England. It was a very hot day in August, hotter than any weather I had ever experienced in my life, and the huge dish of that novelty and a sherry cobbler with it made me feel as if in truth I had reached the land of milk and honey.

There are a good many still living who can remember the celebration of the event that was held on September the 10th, a month later, in the midst of which the fireworks started a fire which partially destroyed the roof of the City Hall. I saw nothing of it myself as I was absent traveling in Canada at the time.

V

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

OF the events and persons that occupied the stage from 1858 to 1861, every reader of history knows. It was a period of anything but stagnation. The underground swell of the approaching political upheaval was beginning to be felt. Still, it was a gay period. On the turf great events were taking place. Instead of the five furlong sprints by the weeds of the present time, there were races of three, and even five, miles between the rival thoroughbred horses of the North and South. The trotting horse was par excellence the horse of the day. I saw and remember well the bout between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen during one of those years, when the little mare defeated the scarcely less successful horse on the Union Course near Jamaica, L. I.

The evolution of the baseball game of today was not then begun. Polo and football had scarcely been heard of in this country. Every Eastern city, however, had a more or less well-known cricket club, and Brooklyn, of course, was not excepted. Although never an expert, I

became a member of the old Willow Cricket Club to which Chadwick, one of the evolvers and founders of baseball, belonged. He was considerably my senior, as were the others, such as Gibbs, Garrison, Bainbridge, one of the Wright brothers, and many others who are well known. I was a slim and leggy youth, but fairly fast, and made an indifferently good long field. We used to play the New York St. George's Club and also, either alone or with them, the All England Club, which came over once a year. These games were played on the St. George's grounds, in the Elysian Fields in Hoboken. On returning to Brooklyn, we celebrated our victories or defeats, as the case might be, in Force's old tavern on Liberty Street, which all young Brooklynites of that date will remember.

There was no lack of subjects of exciting interest in other directions. The Academy of Music (really an Opera House) had just been opened in Brooklyn, and Patti just commencing her career, Parepa Rosa, Miss Kellogg, and other stars, with their male compeers, were singing two or three times a week during the season. My uncle being a shareholder, I had no lack of opportunity for seeing and hearing them. The drama also was almost at its culminating point of distinction. Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Burton, and others were on the stage, to say nothing of Wallack and his Star Company.

Wendell Holmes, Everett, Beecher, and Greeley occupied the rostrum in the North; and in politics there were Lincoln and Douglas in the North and West, Seward and others in the East, with their pro- and an-tagonists. The South had its orators and politicians and agitators as well.

No one who can remember anything of it could forget the presidential election of 1860, its intense excitement, and its tremendous import. I am not setting out, however, to write a history of the beginning of the War; the growing restlessness of the Southern States toward the end of 1860, the increasing friction which finally broke out into the flame of secession, and the first battles early in 1861.

Becoming enfeebled toward the beginning of the winter of 1859, my uncle, who had long been suffering from over-stress, both mental and physical, from his arduous services at the factory, broke down and, as he was suffering from a chronic malady which had resisted medication here, decided to go to England and the continent for further and possibly better medical advice. He went in company with a gentleman also well known in Brooklyn, Mr. Samuel McLean, one of the founders of the Hamilton Club there, and remained through that and the subsequent year, until becoming gradually worse he went to the home of his mother and my grandmother in Devonshire, where he died in the early part of

1861. He provided for me most generously in his will, leaving me what was then considered a fair competence.

At the outbreak of the Civil War most of the young man of my acquaintance decided to enlist. I too shared that feeling but being an alien, and having by powers of Attorney, certain obligations to my family in the care of their property, I was dissuaded from so doing. Naturally, as I had been only resident of the States about two years, my feeling was more academic and sympathetic than based on patriotism. For the rest of that year I remained in the works, but early in '62, the estate being then settled, I was diplomatically but firmly squeezed out of the concern, as so commonly happens when corporate rather than individual interests are involved. It now behove me to think what my future course should be. I had resolved to make this country my home, and, more or less in a dilettante fashion, set out to look for a job, perhaps even fearing that I should find one. My indecision of mind lasted until well into the spring, when I came to the determination to visit my home and parents in England before finally settling down.

Accordingly I sailed about the beginning of that year. Among the passengers were two well-known members of the theatrical profession, Mr. J. S. Clarke and Junius Brutus Booth, the elder brother of Wilkes Booth, who in later years was

notorious as the assassin of Lincoln. There were also two young men from Baltimore, about my own age, with whom I got acquainted. One of them, Mr. Gideon White, became my associate the following year in the West.

I stayed in England and the continent until the succeeding winter when, becoming restless, I concluded it was time for me to return to the United States. I sailed on January 1st, 1863, on the "Teutonia," one of the first boats of the Hamburg American Steamship Company. The passage took seventeen days. We had a fearfully stormy voyage. The "Teutonia" was a small boat with side wheels and we seemed to be under water the greater portion of the time. Life lines were stretched together across the decks so that one could cling to them, though there were not, I think, more than six or seven saloon passengers on board. I remember well one night being nearly carried overboard by a tremendous green wave.

As nothing presented itself in the way of work that suited me in the next three months, and as the spring was advancing, I finally resolved to make a trip through the middle and western states and to go even farther perhaps to California, should I later so elect.

About the middle of April I set off first to see the cities nearer home. I spent a little time in Philadelphia. After visiting Girard College, and

being impressed by the red brick houses and clean white stoops of that City of Brotherly Love, I went on to Baltimore, which truly, although a little more dirty, I found far more interesting. While there, I called on my two friends with whom I had crossed the Atlantic the year previous. Mr. Gideon White, I almost persuaded at that time to accompany me in my projected tour. I spent a few days in that city, and then proceeded to Washington, arriving there about the first of May.

It will be recalled now what a fateful period that was, the spring and early summer of '63. Both the Federals and Confederates were showing signs of exhaustion from their gigantic struggle; perhaps the South was weakening more, although that was not so well recognized then as it is now in retrospect. The Army of the North seemed to be checkmated at every move in the East, although in the West conditions were brighter. The city of Washington was then as now one of magnificent distances, but the distances at that time were muddy in rainy weather and fearfully dusty in dry. It was a long walk from the Treasury to the Capitol, and the excellent pavements of today were non-existent. There were, however, a large number of the more prominent buildings, the White House, the Treasury, the Patent Office, the Smithsonian, and the beautiful Capitol, then as

always a delight to the eye. It is one of the least disappointing buildings in the world, I think, and I know at least my Europe pretty well. Of course I saw our revered President Lincoln, and attended the debates in Congress, which in those days was almost perpetually in session, and followed out the orthodox program of the time.

It seemed to me that it would never do to leave Washington without a visit to Mount Vernon. That, however, was somewhat difficult just then. Around this almost sacred spot there was established what was virtually a neutral zone, though I fear it was often violated by the blockade runners from Maryland and squads of men on anything but innocent errands. Moreover, it required a permit from the War Department to go through the lines. I succeeded in obtaining such a permit on the 4th of May, and still have it in my possession,—entitling the bearer, after taking the oath of allegiance, to make the trip at his own risk. Accordingly on the morning of that day, I hired a horse at a livery stable, and started out, crossing the old long chain bridge over which so many poor fellows crossed never to return. After passing the outskirts of Alexandria, for some fifteen miles, I travelled along the sandy loamy roads toward Mount Vernon, and I did not see a single human being. I found my way, however, without difficulty, and on my

arrival at Mount Vernon was received with the utmost courtesy and hospitality by the superintendent in charge. About a year previous to the breaking out of the war there had been formed the Mount Vernon Association consisting chiefly of ladies, who had acquired the property and had it kept in condition by a superintendent and staff. This gentlemen seemed very glad to see me, and told me that he had not seen anyone for weeks. He was most hospitable, went over the house and grounds with me, and gave me so far as could be, a very pleasant two or three hours. I had been cognizant, as I drew near Mount Vernon, of a dull but distinct drumming in the air which, to one who has ever heard it, means but one thing, artillery fire at a considerable distance. It was more accentuated at times by a slight increase of the southwest breeze which was faintly blowing. The day was excessively hot, and we sat for some time, the superintendent and I, listening to that growling, for it could hardly be called by any other name, trying to entertain each other, but both naturally depressed by the unknown forces that were working around us. That was the day of the Battle of Chancellorsville, where Hooker was so tremendously defeated, and where Stonewall Jackson lost his life.

As the afternoon became cooler, I decided to return to Washington, but as my steed was some-

what jaded with the heat and length of the day, I resolved to encourage him a little bit and cut a stout hickory sapling from the grounds. (I had it mounted later and use it habitually now as a cane.) Bidding my host adieu, I set off for the Capitol, travelling solitary as before, until I reached Alexandria.

Upon crossing the bridge and re-entering Washington, I found evidences of excitement and alarm, even consternation. Couriers and mounted officers were rushing around in all directions. The dispatches were coming in with the details of the crushing defeat of General Hooker. At every corner groups of men could be seen, some of them evidently Congressmen, anxiously discussing events. A tremendous storm, which had been looming up for some time, broke just as I succeeded in reaching my quarters at Willard's Hotel, inundating the town and surrounding country. It was a blue night in the capitol. Rumors, almost amounting to conviction, that the city would be taken by the Confederates, were rife. As a matter of fact, all the trains going northward were under embargo for a couple of days, held by the governmental authorities. It was even reported (and I believe to a certain extent correctly) that the necessary and more important governmental archives had been put on board certain trains ready to start for a more secure place farther North. The

city itself was virtually under martial law, although I believe it was not actually proclaimed. The next day the gloom was even deeper, although perhaps not so much excitement was manifest; in the following days comparative security was insured by the hasty levies of troops which were posted on Arlington and other heights commanding the city and the situation.

A day or so subsequently I left for Baltimore again, and found that almost the same state of affairs had existed there. In all the main avenues leading to the South and West hasty barricades of tobacco hogsheads and other material had been thrown up, and a force of guards posted, to withstand any incursion by the movements of Confederate cavalry under Gilmour, and J. E. B. Stuart, who were reported to be hovering in the vicinity. However, in the two or three days I remained in Baltimore during that time, the scare passed off, and the city was gay once more. I again met my young friends, and finally persuaded young Mr. White to accompany me on my proposed trip. Upon getting his consent, I returned for a few days to New York to settle some affairs and to get money and introductions to persons in cities which I proposed to visit.

I returned to Baltimore about the end of the last week in May, and we started together, making our first halt in Harrisburg. There a goodly number of National Guards from

Pennsylvania, New York, and other states were encamped. I visited one of the regiments from Brooklyn, in which one or two of my old acquaintances were serving; I do not remember whether it was the Twenty-third or Thirteenth. One of my friends was Mr. H. J. Cullen, a brother of the distinguished Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York. We received a very warm and friendly greeting from him and others, and I do not know now which of us envied the other most, he serving or I travelling to new parts of the country.

We proceeded along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, passed Harper's Ferry, then held by the Federals, and went from there to Pittsburgh. It is hardly worth while to go into the details about the particular cities visited. All of them had the same characteristics as now, excepting in point of size,—Pittsburgh was relatively as smoky and busy; Cleveland had her Euclid Avenue, even then beautiful; Cincinnati had her Catawba, her beer, and her hogs; Columbus was dull; Toledo, the same moderately thriving place. At Indianapolis I received a very warm welcome from a friend of a friend of mine who owned a flourishing department store there. From thence we went to Louisville.

I was impressed by the magnificent agricultural, mining, and business possibilities of this middle section of the United States. The rail-

roads, it may be said, at least some portion of them, would hardly pass for construction tracks now-a-days. We ran off a few times into the prairie, in Indiana particularly, and were jacked on again, or took our grips and boarded a relief train with all the philosophy we could muster. It did not bother us very much, since we travelled in light fashion. I remember often, in passing through the softer or marshy portions of the country, the black mud which flew from under the loosely laid tracks on to our car windows.

We arrived in Louisville without any serious trouble. There we stopped at the Galt House, which retained its old and excellent reputation there for many years. There was little of interest, save that business even there was in a flourishing condition. Of the inhabitants, it might be said that the Northern and "secesh" elements might be easily distinguished by their bearing and demeanor. We had an idea of visiting the Mammoth Cave, at least I wished to do so; but it would have involved a visit to the Provost Marshal and the taking of the oath of allegiance, and my friend Gideon, being somewhat of a secessionist in his sympathies, declined; besides, it involved a journey of some risk at the time, as we were in danger of meeting squads of outlaws who had been known to stop and strip travellers at that point of all their valuables and

clothing save enough for the purposes of bare decency. Consequently we omitted that trip.

From Louisville, we took a very comfortable steamboat down the Ohio, bound for Cairo, the point of confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. This must have been about July 1st. As the boats passed down the river, some of the inhabitants on the Kentucky side, probably Confederates or their sympathizers, had the pleasant habit of shooting at them with their squirrel rifles, so that the side of the boat facing the Ohio bank was much the safer and more comfortable. On reaching Evansville in Indiana, we found that the boat which had immediately preceded, the "Alice Dean," had been captured the day before by a force of Confederate cavalry under General Morgan, and had been commandeered to ferry the troops to the Indiana shore. Moreover the Confederates had confiscated everything they wanted belonging to the passengers and crew, such as watches, boots, and money.

At this time Vallandigham, a pronounced "copperhead," was a candidate for the governorship of Ohio. By his writings and proclamations against the laws and interests of the United States General Government the Confederates had been led to believe, and were partially correct in so thinking, that the river counties at least, of Ohio and Indiana, were ripe for insurrection.

This, however, proved to be a mistake, for, as we all know, a week or two later General Morgan, who doubtless had scared a good many home guards on his way, was surrounded in one of the southern counties of Ohio and captured with his whole force; as a result of this mistake in judgment he was sent to a Federal prison, from which he escaped in November, 1863, only to be killed in battle in the October following.

We stopped at various points down the river from Evansville, finally reaching Cairo, and Mount City, with its fortified bluff a few miles above on the Ohio. It is always a fact that the frayed edge of a section adjoining war activities is not a cheerful place, but I think Cairo at that time was undoubtedly the worst town I ever struck. The low bank of mud, running obliquely into the Mississippi, on which Cairo was situated, was covered with a few lines of diverging rails from the Illinois Central Railroad, a great many dingy commissariat stores, sutleries, liquor saloons, and wretched semblances of hotels. Dirt and débris of all kinds loaded the levees and streets; and lying in the Ohio River (for Island No. 10 in the Mississippi one hundred miles above Vicksburg had recently been captured) were old hulks and broken-down steamboats, filled with sallow, melancholy, and sullen-looking Confederate prisoners, with a few blue uniformed guards over them. Two or three

"tin clads," as the lighter armored river flotilla was called, were near by, watching with their guns, ready to sink the prison boats on the first sign of disturbance.

This was about the neighborhood of "Eden," the town mentioned in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." But we were in no mood for investigation and were anxious to get away as soon as possible. To remain a night was unavoidable, or we would have gotten away sooner. Malarial diseases were not uncommon, it is true, but Cairo is the only place where I ever saw a man trying to eat with an ague chill on him; and were it not so pitiful it would have been a ludicrous sight. We left the next day, the 4th of July, I think, taking the Illinois Central which extends in an almost exactly straight line to Chicago. We knew nothing of the momentous events of that day in at least two places, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and heard nothing of them save rumors until we arrived in St. Louis, two days later.

In the afternoon of the first day we arrived at Odin, a station intersected at right angles to the Illinois Central by another road which led directly to St. Louis. A more uninteresting prospect than we got from the shack they called a hotel, I never saw. The soil doubtless was rich, and there may be beautiful farms there at the present time, but the view from our window was of

completely flat prairie land, not rolling, as in the plains farther west, and inexpressibly dreary. We saw the sun rising from the flat plain the next morning when we left, just as one would see it on the ocean. I thought then of its future possibilities as a junction, and wondered whether it would not be wise to invest some money there, on the strength of such prospects. Considering the present value of the land, I am sorry now that I did not.

We arrived in St. Louis, about the 7th of July, and it was as hot as St. Louis can be at that time of the year. There we received the glorious news of the Battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg. It can easily be understood that all were not Federal sympathizers in St. Louis any more than in Louisville. We obtained capital rooms in Barnum's Hotel in St. Louis, but had scarcely settled ourselves in them, after a good bath, than we were asked by the genial proprietor or manager if we could not give them up to a wounded Federal general named A. J. Smith, who had just come up the river from Island Number Ten. This we did most cheerfully, for which the said manager wished to show his appreciation in various ways and by sending to our rooms champagne and other drinks, which of course we declined.

There was little of interest to the general voyager in St. Louis at that time, though it was

a busy bustling city, perhaps even more so than Chicago. After a day or two there, in keeping with my resolution to visit the Capitals, we started for Jefferson City, arriving there in due season. It must be said that our journey was somewhat inconvenienced by the pleasing peculiarity of the country folk, whether Federal or Confederate I never knew, who, like the Southerners on the Ohio River, had the habit of shooting from the high banks or bridges over deep cuttings at anything that was moving below. Once or twice on our way a bullet whizzed through the glass panes, and the passengers made for cover pretty quickly. I fancy I was as nimble as any of them in getting behind the backs of the seats in the railroad cars. We arrived without damage, however, and felt that the trip scarcely repaid us. The capital was a gloomy, sullen place, containing nothing of especial interest, and was occupied by a quantity of Federal troops with dirty uniforms and very indifferent discipline. The hotels were bad, and the food worse; so we made haste to return to St. Louis.

By this time my friend was beginning to show some fatigue and evidences of boredom. I think I have mentioned that he was somewhat indisposed to exertion in a general way; so we took the steamboat up the river to Alton, passing on our way the confluence of the mighty and muddy

Missouri with the comparatively clear Mississippi River. A less cheerful prospect than the former afforded can scarcely be imagined, with its quantities of snags, or "sawyers," as the fixed or loose and washed out stumps of trees are called, bobbing about in the brown current. It is astonishing to note for what a long distance the respective waters of the two rivers can be traced,—the one clear and almost sparkling, and the other dark and loaded with the alluvial soil of the prairies.

From Alton we went to Hannibal, the beginning of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railway. At this juncture, my friend broke out into open rebellion with my plans and determined that for his part he would have no more of westing, but would continue his way up the Mississippi River to Minnesota. I, however, was not to be moved, and parting from him affectionately and regretfully, I bought a ticket to Leavenworth City, where resided the Governor of the Territory of Kansas, to whom I had letters of introduction. Reaching there on July 23rd, I presented my letters to this gentleman, whom I found to be conducting an immense business in the way of fitting out the big transport trains, or "Prairie Schooners" as they were called, to points in New Mexico, Mexico itself, and Denver. He received me with great cordiality, in true Western style, and I spent with him two or three very in-

teresting days. When I had explained to him my motives and my wish to travel further west, to cross the plains and even to go to California, he suggested that I join a small train of wagons about to leave in a few days from St. Joseph, a little farther up the river, where the principals already were getting together the supplies with which to load their wagons.

VI

“ACROSS THE PLAINS”

IN Leavenworth there was at that time a curious mixture of Eastern and Far Western life. The market, or trading place, displayed all styles of inhabitants of the West, as well as the merchants who were trading with them. Indians fresh from their reservation or still more distant points, “Greasers” of old and New Mexico, the buffalo men, ladies of a certain type, gamblers, and tradesmen, all mixed in a heterogeneous multitude. There, by the advice of my friend, I bought a horse from a Kickapoo Indian, warranted to be a good buffalo pony, and in a gunshop a Henry rifle, which was double-barrelled, one barrel lying above the other instead of side by side in juxtaposition, the lower chamber acting as a magazine in which sixteen brass cartridges could be stored. The action of the lock was the same as the Winchester of today. It was a good weapon, but at that time I had never fired a rifle in my life, and the salesmen accompanied me to a neighboring bluff overlooking the river, where I took my first lesson in that kind of shooting, aiming at

a stump in the centre of the stream. After sighting it a few times, I came in somewhat near approximation to my mark, and thus ended my first lesson.

To try him out, I rode my new purchase up to the Fort, which was situated about two miles farther up the river. I shot off a borrowed revolver in close proximity to the ears of my mount, and he took no more notice of this performance than of a fly buzzing about him; so I felt satisfied that he would do. Accordingly, having procured a good saddle, about two days afterward in the middle of the day I crossed the river on the ferry boat and started to ride across the forty or fifty miles of land to the bend of the river where “St. Jo” is situated. Perhaps if I had known the possibilities of danger on that trip I would not have been quite so light-hearted. It seems that almost all the farmers of those parts, both Federal and Secessionist sympathizers, were out or hiding from the others, surprise parties with the most disagreeable eventualities being a common thing. I was astonished on my way in passing through a fairly rich and prosperous country to meet so few human beings. On arriving at a farmhouse, of which there were numbers on the road, I found nothing but young and old women, children, and old negroes. They were all very civil to me, and all inquisitive about affairs as to the number of troops in Leavenworth and

other matters. They were extremely polite. Most of the old ladies smoked, I remember well, and I was cordially invited to sit down and rest for a time at every farm house. I usually did and enjoyed myself; but there is no doubt in my mind now, looking back, that the whole of the country was posted as to my personality and intentions, or I would have met with serious trouble. I have no doubt that many pairs of eyes watched me as I made my way whistling cheerfully along, and many persons were curious to know just what sort of errand I was bent upon, and who I might be. I was dressed in a rather peculiar manner, wearing yellow corded pantaloons and a dark blue sack coat, both of English make and rather vivid in color. They may have imagined that I had run away from a comic almanac. I must have had the luck of a child or a drunkard to have escaped capture or worse. I spent one night on the way, and arrived the next day at St. Jo., where I found my travelling companions-to-be, who had made the trip by boat, the wiser and safer way.

In the little hotel in which they were, they were occupied in getting their goods together, and, as a pastime in the afternoons, breaking their mules, some of which had never been in harness. As that was the first and last time in my life that I ever participated in those first principles of equitation, I will describe how we did it. We

took a young vigorous mule, and with a slip knot in the lariat started him over the prairie, five or six of us hanging on to the rope. He would pull us all over the prairie until he was almost strangled, then the knot was carefully loosened and he was started again. Finally when he was a little worn out and tamer, he was hitched up by the side of a well broken mule to a wagon load of soft manure, and the brakes put on, and then started again across the prairie. He generally started out with a succession of all sorts of antics, the other mule, not always mutely, protesting the while. It was safe enough and only moderately exciting because if he ran away there was nothing to run up against, and he might go until he was exhausted. One or two lessons of this kind, however, and he generally became fairly tractable.

Two or three days were spent in this manner, and the preparations were complete, the wagons were loaded, and we were ready to start. As St. Jo was on the east side of the river, we were ferried across, and at last we were ready for our seven hundred mile trip to Pike's Peak.

Our first afternoon's journey was uneventful, the sleeping arrangements being the most novel experience to a tenderfoot. We stayed near a farmhouse, and for the first time in my life I slept in the open by the side of a hay mow.

The wagons, it will be understood, were filled to their tops with merchandise. From that time on, necessarily, the bare earth became my bed for the larger portion of five months. Usually we slept under the wagons, as they afforded some protection if it rained. However, it seldom did rain; as I recollect, only twice on the road to Denver. Our saddles, bridles, boots, and all harness, were placed under our heads, as pillows; for the removal of the boots when sleeping is a requisite. In cool weather it is well, but in cold weather it is absolutely necessary, for the continued pressure on one point would cause the feet to freeze.

Our object now was, as far as possible, to make a direct line by the best routes to Fort Kearney, situated on the River Platte. This we did by striking for a little town at that time called Maysville, at the junction of the Little and Greater Blue Rivers, thence following in a diagonal direction the Little Blue which takes its origin near Fort Kearney in Nebraska. On arriving at this little town we found a condition of great excitement prevailing, for the news had just reached there of the sacking and massacre at Lawrence by the Quantrell Band of Confederate bushwhackers. One must remember here that these and the Kansas Jayhawkers, who sympathized with the Federals, were always *a l'outrance* and had been so for many years

preceding the war. This naturally did not lessen our anxiety to get farther West.

I must here register my belief that the country following the Little Blue, for the most part, was then one of the most delightful spots for a sportsman that could be imagined. If I had had the time and a competent guide, neither of which were then available, I could have made a splendid bag of game at almost every march. As it was, I procured at an expenditure of ten dollars, an old double-barrel shot gun. The locks were shaky, the stock and barrel were lashed together, the rivets being worn out, and the barrels of course muzzle loading and not the patent breech. It did fair execution, however, among the prairie chickens and the ducks, which were numerous. I remember also shooting one turkey which was roosting apparently as undisturbed as a domestic one. I shot him with my rifle through the wing and breast, and had to ford the river with my horse to get him. A multitude of others ran away, but some of them were also within good gunshot. Having secured my turkey, I reforded the river, but as is usual with these western streams, the banks were high and soft, being composed mostly of alluvial deposit, and I had to lead my horse for a good distance, and finally almost pull him out on the other side. On remounting, the undulating rustling of the grass apprised me of the fact that there was some sort

76 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

of a big snake near me; I suppose it was a black snake, for I never saw him, though from his movements he seemed as big as an anaconda.

Nor was that the end of my adventures that day. The wagons were not in sight, and I had to follow the tracks on the trail for some distance. Suddenly on turning a bend in the path, three Pawnee warriors stole silently out of the scrub and surrounded me. They were painted for the warpath, with white stripes on their ribs and red on various parts of their bodies, more especially their faces. Their scalps were made up, and they wore nothing save a breech clout and moccasins. They were armed with bows and arrows. It appeared that this district (we were not at that time far from Fort Kearney), was debatable land, a strip of some thirty, forty, or perhaps more miles, between the Pawnees and the scattered Sioux, who were bitter enemies and always on the warpath against each other. My visitors proved, however, to be perfectly friendly with me, and saluted me with a sonorous "How," and a conversation took place between us, very limited in extent, but consisting of something like the following: "Sioux heap damn bad," with which view I naturally and cordially agreed. They examined my horse and more especially took great interest in my rifle, which they evidently admired and coveted. They examined the mechanism of the lock as far as they could and the

quantity of cartridges it contained, and appeared to think it was “Heap Medicine.” We parted with another “How” in the most friendly manner, and they disappeared in the brush in single file like shadows, while I lost no time in rejoining our wagons, now a mile or two ahead. They were evidently a portion of a war party of Pawnees hunting for some stray Sioux scalps.

In a day or two thereafter, on the 24th of July, we arrived at the stockaded Fort Kearney, situated on the south bank of the Platte River, about, I should judge, a hundred and fifty miles from Omaha, where we struck the main trail, leading along the same bank of the river to Denver. When I use the word trail here, for we were not yet out of the wide country on the treeless prairie lands of the extreme west, it must be understood that this was a broad road, fairly well beaten by the tracks of the countless wagons and teams travelling constantly in both directions. All supplies for Denver and the mining regions had to go over this same road, which was always in reach of water and stretched almost in a bee line due west to the Laramie hills, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and by a detour to Denver. In short, this was the old road of the “Forty-niners,” also the trail traversed by the Pony and Butterfield’s Express. We daily met one stage going east and the other west, with its coach of the “Deadwood” variety drawn by four

splendid mules. Heads and limbs of the jaded occupants were always to be seen sticking out of the windows in all sorts of dejected attitudes.

From here on the trail was sufficiently monotonous, the same prospect, utterly treeless except for a fringe of those absolutely worthless and abominable cotton woods along the river banks. The Platte is the type of the rivers of that region, at its flood a mile wide and a foot deep; but it was now at this point and further on almost entirely dry, nothing but a waste of sand with a ribbonlike stream showing here and there, sometimes near us and occasionally half a mile distant. Still, at the worst, by digging into the sand one could always get from the ensuing percolation enough water for our stock. The season had been a very dry one, of which more hereafter. Early in August, a killing frost occurred which ruined the corn crop of that season.

About thirty miles from Fort Kearney we camped one night on an island in a little affluent of the Platte, called Plum Creek, which about some seven or eight years thereafter was to be the theatre of perhaps the fiercest and most determined battle ever fought between the red man and the American soldiers and scouts. Colonel Dodge has described this in his book, and I think was a participant. Sandy Forsythe, afterward Major General in the U. S. Army, was wounded there, receiving a wound in the

thigh from which he never absolutely recovered. I saw the general some years later in Versailles, where he was then acting as staff officer and observer in the Franco-Prussian War. There were probably more Indians killed in the engagement at Plum Creek than in any other before or since. About six thousand Indians of various tribes, principally Sioux, Arrapahoes, and Cheyennes, had surrounded a band of three hundred U. S. troops and Scouts and friendly Indians, and held them under fire for two or three days. Contrary to their usual custom, they had charged up at them, riding full face instead of attempting the usual Indian tactics of riding around, thinking undoubtedly that in their immense strength they could ride over them and that they had their prey secure. They had to bewail the loss of their chief medicine men in this fight, who had made all sorts of good omens, doubtless judging from the relatively small number of white men that they would be safe in so doing. But those who wish may read that story in the book referred to.

Further on the trail, we met numbers of Indians, mostly Sioux, but some other friendly aborigines as well, and while they were not extremely cordial they were at least peaceful, and indeed, up to that time, had never been anything else toward the whites. Another story was to be told five or six or more years later. No arms

were needed at this time by the white plainsmen, save for killing game. I was perhaps the only armed man in our party of nine.

Some hundred miles or so farther on, at O'Fallon's Bluffs, a rather prominent landmark on the south bank of the river, we came across a party of Sioux, the Chief of whom wished to entertain quite friendly relations with us. His tepees were situated only a little way from us. He came around, and after accepting some tobacco at my hands, with plenty of "shug," or sugar, entered into a conversation, if it could be so called, with me; evidently, from the fact that I was a mounted man, he took me for the chief in command. He led me to a place of sepulchre, or entombment, a platform elevated above the prairie, which was the last resting place of a little male papoose of his, who had just died. He had procured four pencil wood cedars of perhaps twelve feet in height, planted them in the ground, and lashed on top of them a rude platform of raw buffalo hide, on which in a mummy-like casement, also of raw buffalo hide, lay the body of his little son. He explained that that was his offspring, and by various motions he explained that he had in every sense "gone aloft." That was the usual mode of burial in that country. One would often see a big cottonwood tree with ten or twelve dead Indians in their mummy-like cerements, strapped along the

branches. The dry air of the prairie absolutely prevented any odor, the bodies simply dried up and blew away when the good time came. So it was also with the carcasses of the buffalo and oxen farther on. One could almost take one's dinner on a buffalo that had been dead for three or four days.

This chief was the handsomest Indian I ever saw in that western country. He would absolutely have done as a representative of one of Cooper's Indians. Most of them had a more or less diabolic Semitic type of countenance, and many of their female contingent were equally unattractive. He, however, was a noble looking fellow. He wished to take me back to his camp where his tribe were celebrating the obsequies of the little departed, to attend the dance, which anyone who has seen Buffalo Bill's show can easily imagine. They stamped about in a circle, with their faces blackened, and grunting. I was very much entertained, but when he went so far in his kindness as to introduce me to a lady member or two of his tribe, I fear with ulterior motives, I gently but firmly resisted. From later descriptions, I have every reason to believe that he was the well known Sioux chief Spotted Tail.

So far I have omitted to speak of the personnel of our Western bound group. There were nine of us all told, two men to each wagon, and I constituting the ninth, or ornamental one. I had

nothing to do with the care of the wagons, my sole business being to take care of myself and horse, but I was of course willing to lend a hand wherever it was needed, which was sufficiently often. Two were the leaders and proprietors of the wagon outfits (four in number), four were drivers, and there were two aids. The three men with whom I was most intimate and chummy were two brothers from Kentucky, Llewellyn by name, from a semi-neutral part of that state. They were Union sympathizers, but as they were surrounded by relatives and friends who had gone into the Southern army, they had decided that their only way to keep clear of complications was to go West, and from thence to send aid and money to their widowed mother. The third was a recalcitrant conscript from an Illinois regiment, named Jordan. They were gentlemanly fellows, and capital companions. The others were men of the usual type found in pioneer regions; their names even I do not remember.

I have spoken of my primary freedom from any duties on this route, but I must now say that after a while I was forced to undertake one. The other men had to "dope" or anoint the rolling stock with grease daily, and water for ablutions was scarce, so early in the trip I found that the admixture of dope in the bread might be nourishing but was certainly not appetizing. I therefore volunteered to become the baker, and after

a lesson or two, I had better say two, for the first batch that I made you could have kicked all the way from Denver without hurting it, I became relatively an adept and could turn out as good biscuit as a man would care to eat, out West, at any rate.

As for our fuel, you must remember that this was a treeless plain, and wood was unobtainable, so, as in the Orient, we were obliged to use the dried dung of animals, which, curious as it would seem to persons in the States, is an excellent substitute. I used to collect these cakes, the dejecta of the buffalo furnishing the most of them, and built them into a good fire, using a few shavings of cedar from a log carried beneath one of our wagons, with which to kindle it. With this one could bake and cook to perfection. It made a bright and not a smoky fire.

As for game, we did not get much in the neighborhood of Fort Kearney. There seemed to be a relative scarcity of it for about thirty or forty miles on each side of the Fort, excepting jackrabbits. No prairie chickens were to be had, as they were confined to the grain producing area, the sage hens were few, and until we reached a considerable distance from Fort Kearney there were no antelope or buffalo. I procured some antelope later on, shooting one buck not two hundred yards from the wagons, where in his curiosity he had come to watch us.

84 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Curiosity is a failing of the antelope, and a hunter with time enough in those days at least could always attract one to come within shooting distance by lying down on his back and waving a rag, or by kicking up his legs.

Because of the extreme drought which prevailed with us, and to the north at this time, and the dryness of the river, the southern migration of the buffalo had already passed this point before the 20th of August, a month earlier than usual. The streams and herbage were better in that direction, and they followed their instinct. Only a fortnight previous to the time we passed these points, for the next hundred miles or so the buffalo had been passing in countless myriads, getting away from the dry Platte to the better watered regions of the Republican and other forks of the Kansas River and other streams farther south. Their trails were marked all over the country. Their presence and their passage had become a nuisance, almost ruinous to the outfits of prairie schooners on their way at that time. You could not shoot them out of the way at that time, you could do nothing with them; seemingly, driving one herd further on would only make way for a still more persistent one behind. We found a large number of these trains marooned, as it were, on this track, their stock having been either starved or stampeded away by these unwieldy beasts; the owners and

passengers of these great six-wheeled prairie schooners were fluent with curses on account of the buffalo. Very few of the men, only enough to guard the wagons, remained; the others were chasing or searching for their stampeded stock away to the south, finding some of them exhausted, others dead and dying, if they succeeded in tracking them by the marks of their shod feet.

I had the opportunity to get only one wild buffalo, and there another man was ahead of me and had dropped him before I came up. He was one of the old bachelor bulls, apparently,—a magnificent creature, that had become morose and drifted away from the others. The other men, as he had the primary right, took the tongue, but we carved out from his loins a succulent chunk of what should have been tenderloin steak, part of which I rode back with in triumph to my colleagues, but on coming to cook it, although the taste was good enough, we found that the tissue had all the qualities of india rubber, and we had to give up in disgust. However, from the shacks that we passed along the road we often obtained some better morsels from the dried meat of younger animals that had been shot.

Our life became a monotone in the daily routine of travel. I may become a little discursive here and give an account of an ordinary day. We may be supposed to have risen from our anything but

downy couches beneath the wagons, at the first streak of daylight, between four and five o'clock in the morning. The animals had picketed around us all night, with the loops of their forty-foot lariats resting on pegs, so as to afford them an eighty-foot sweep, ordinarily providing sufficient for their subsistence from the short nutritious buffalo grass. These picket pins were usually changed once or twice each night. Immediately upon rising we led the horses to the nearest watering point, and occasionally gave a few ears of corn to those seeming to need it most. The harnessing followed, which took some time, and this time was usually utilized by some members of the party in getting up a fire, and boiling coffee, which tasted pretty good in the chilly mornings, which, cold as they nearly always proved to be, were followed often by roasting noons. At about six o'clock our line of march was resumed, to be maintained until about nine or ten o'clock, when, to use a Boer expression, we "out-spanned," there to rest ourselves and stock until the cooler part of the afternoon about three o'clock. At this midday rest, we cooked our first meal for the day, followed by a siesta, which with talking, smoking, and the relating of experiences filled the time. Occasionally, I went scouting for game. Most often, however, I would do that either in the morning or late evening, riding at some distance from the wagons and

exploring the smaller gulches or arroyos in sight of the wagons, in the hope, generally fulfilled, of picking up an antelope or some smaller game.

Reharnessing, of course, followed the midday rest, and we continued our persistent course toward the yet unseen hills. The annoyances and difficulties of the road were sometimes great. For instance, in crossing some of the dry arroyos of considerable extent which debouched on to the Platte, and were fearfully dry and sandy, our heavily laden wagons would have buried themselves up to their hubs had we not adopted the general plan pursued in such cases of cutting down sufficient branches from the cottonwoods and willows to make a sort of corduroy road. This was the convenience of the road; we availed ourselves of similar work done by others before us, and left our contribution for those who followed. Naturally, at such times too, we had to double and even treble our teams, taking the wagons across one by one in order to get up the deep and difficult ascents on the far side.

At times we were plagued incessantly and almost intolerably by swarms of an infernal insect, the so-called Buffalo gnat, a minute beetle apparently, which hovered around us in myriads. They would bite as long as they were living and caused great suffering, not alone to ourselves but to the animals also. It was claimed that these

pests would torture a picketed mule to death if he were not able to escape. They did not, however, leave any permanent irritation from their bite; they chewed out minute chunks of tissue at each bite. They seemed to be composed of nothing but "cases," for when crushed in the hand they were perfectly dry, nothing but scales and wings; but they were a caution.

Sometimes we would pass for miles through a so-called "dog town," the habitations of the prairie dogs, as the little rodents, about the size of a guinea pig, are called. The noise made by the bark or yap of the countless thousands of these little creatures would get very much on our nerves; shooting them was altogether useless, for it made no impression on the hosts or their discord.

Snakes were quite plentiful in these towns, and seemed to live in apparent amity with these little animals, occupying with them the little crater-like mines which formed their burrows; these burrows were also inhabited by a species of small owl, hawklike in its flight. All three, bird, rodent, and snake, occupied the same nest in one of these excavations and formed quite a happy family. The rattlers were not so large as the diamond backs of Florida and elsewhere, nor is their bite so much dreaded as in the Southern states. I have known instances of both stock and man being bitten, but beyond a tempo-

rary suffering, sometimes extreme, no lasting ills followed. I killed many of them.

In the evening, a little before sundown, we outspanned again, the average day's travel being something over twenty miles, governed by the nature of the road. Then we had supper, the most sumptuous, if it can be so termed, and the best relished meal of the day, composed of whatever game I had been able to contribute, together with the invariable bacon or pork, flanked by flapjacks and my biscuits. Coffee, freshly roasted in a frying pan, very good and plenty of it, constituted the liquid part of our banquet. We were far from old rye, and had none with us, not even for a possible snake bite.

Curiously enough, and this can be corroborated by other Western travellers, the skunk is the animal most dreaded on the prairies. A peculiarity of this animal is reputed to be that he will creep up to the sleeping human being and nibble at his toes, fingers or other exposed surface, and the relatively slight wounds thus inflicted are believed by many to cause rabies. This sounds apocryphal, but has been often verified, so that sleeping on the ground, as we did, we took precious good care to wrap up our nether extremities carefully. The snakes were comparatively innocuous, although they were known to crawl up underneath one's blanket. The coyotes too, while absolutely harmless, would

steal any part of leathern harness or trappings, almost from under one's head. Almost the only annoyance save that which we derived from their eternal presence at the night camp was their yelping and howling at night. Sometimes it was impossible to sleep for the racket which they kept up. We used to poison numbers of them for their pelts in the following way. Taking bits of fat pork or bacon, we would make an incision in each, put in a grain or two of strychnine in the middle, place them near any recently dead buffalo or transport ox that might be near, as frequently happened, and at night they would come up and feast on it. They would approach very cautiously at first, and we would strew these dainty morsels anywhere from twenty to fifty yards from the carcass. These tidbits would naturally be snapped up first, and then the animals would gorge itself or attempt to do so on the dead beast; by the time he had gotten his first colicky pains he would be incapacitated for travelling far, and we would find them in the morning stretched in all directions, with evidences of having died in tetanic spasm from the drug mentioned.

In this way the time passed. The stations of Butterfield's Express, built of squares of turf and adherent soil (adobe) were passed daily, also an occasional sutler's shack of like construction where one could procure tobacco, hams,

flour, and other necessities of life,—the precursor of the general store of the West of today.

We were about ten days passing through this central section of the district between the Missouri and the Rockies. Finally one day (I have no exact date in my letters) we arrived at Julesburg, quite a town for that country. It contained a blacksmith's shop, a small store of the variety just mentioned, a station, and one house that was really a dwelling since it housed a family, although it possessed but one floor.

We had reached what was technically known as the “Cut-off,” Julesburg being located just where the South Platte makes a bow-like curve along the eastern side of the mountains toward Denver. From this point a hundred miles lay between us and that city. We had to traverse this distance as nearly as possible in a straight line, as it were the cord of a bow, in certain determinate stages, in order to reach water at nightfall at one of the “sloughs” or pond-like deposits of water occurring at varying intervals. At each of these places there was a little family, with its adobe house which supplied the wants of passing travellers. Some of the poor families in these little settlements suffered horribly during the Indian wars of later years. These little “sloughs” were frequented by ducks, mostly of the blue-winged teal variety, which afforded good

sport and food. I also shot an antelope the first day after leaving the river.

The mountains which at first appeared as a blue haze in the distance became more and more distinct with each day's march, and we finally came to Denver about the end of the first week in September, being glad to reach even a semblance of a town after our long journey.

Our little party broke up on very good terms with one another. What became of our principals I have never known. They seemingly were satisfied with the success of their trip, for teaming paid well in those days. The three special chums of whom I have spoken I accidentally met some weeks later, when they were employed as miners in the hills some thirty miles from Denver.

VII

DENVER AND THE GREAT DIVIDE

SINCE I was anxious to see the city, I hastened to put my horse in a "corral," and deposited my saddle and blanket in a repository for such things, then made myself as comfortable as I could at a moderate imitation of a hotel or boarding house, which rejoiced in the name of the Massasoit House and was kept by a man named Sargent.

The Denver of that day, as may be imagined, was far from being the magnificent city that it is now. The major portion of it consisted of canvas or other tents, and carelessly built wooden and "dobe" shacks. There were, however, two or three brick or partially brick governmental stores, anything but imposing buildings. Perhaps at that time there was a floating population of twenty-five hundred or so. Liquor and gambling saloons seemed to be in the majority, but they mingled with rough sheds for the deposition and care of the multifarious articles of food and wearing apparel and other requirements of the pioneers.

I lost no time in repairing to the office of

94 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Cass and Eaton, who were bankers there and to whom I had letters of introduction and credit. Money I did not specially need, for it had been impossible to spend anything on the way from the Missouri to that point. It had been in some respects a toilsome journey, but a healthy one. We were as hard as nails physically, with plenty of work, plenty of exercise, no time for gambling, and no whiskey to drink. Liquor could be found in plenty here, but we did not avail ourselves of the opportunity.

The two bankers introduced me to a client of theirs (Davis, I think, was his name), from somewhat further up the South Platte, about ten miles from Denver. He and his wife were very hospitable to me. They had taken up a ranch of considerable extent, and were then engaged in raising vegetables and small fruit, with considerable pecuniary success. This gentleman had undertaken a contract to drive and care for several hundred head of mixed stock which were fairly starving in the corrals of Denver, on account of the excessive drought and the inability to supply them with fodder. I accompanied him and his assistant herdsman, as the cowboys of that day were called. The animals were rounded up, horses, mules, burrows, oxen, cows, and driven up the Bijou creek, on the upper springs of which more abundant herbage and water could be found. It was an interesting experience. When

we had arrived at a valley-like depression about fifty miles from Denver, the animals were herded, and they doubtless enjoyed their experience of having plenty of good food and water. Game was plentiful in this vicinity. Many of the party were better shots than I, and several of them were good cooks; so food of the best quality abounded. During the day our men were sufficient to keep the animals bunched or fairly bunched, but at night they were detailed in relays to ride around and keep the herd together. I took my tour occasionally with the others.

A curious fact about domestic animals of all kinds is that they seem to appreciate the guardianship of man and to become restless when deprived of it, so that during our slow circling around at night it was manifestly desirable if not absolutely required that the men should make their presence known to the herd by singing, whistling, talking, or in some other way reassuring them; otherwise an incursion of coyotes or other animals of a predatory nature might cause a stampede.

I may mention one hunting incident that occurred on this expedition. I had been hunting and had wounded an antelope, so that it went on three legs, but found that I could not secure it, and had not the sense to sit down and let it get stiff, so had chased it and fired at it repeatedly from a long distance several times, and was re-

turning to camp tired and disgusted, my pony being probably as tired and disgruntled as myself. We were both more than half asleep, but still moving. My gun, as was the custom, was suspended across the pommel of my saddle by a leather strap, when something jumped in the air immediately before our noses, and kept jumping up and down, apparently being as much scared as we were. Awaking from my doze, I recognized it to be a magnificent black-tailed deer. I sat with mouth open and watched it making those frantic leaps for several moments, so near that I could almost touch it with the muzzle of my gun. Finally, recovering its senses before I did mine, it bounded away, and before I could release my gun it was pretty nearly a quarter of a mile away. I fired at it but naturally missed it, and returned to camp more disgusted than ever.

I soon tired of the expedition, interesting as it had been, and accompanied by one of the herdsmen, who had occasion to go back to the ranch, I returned to Denver. On our way, my companion rode over the largest prairie rattlesnake I had ever seen. The animal struck the wooden leather covered stirrup with a sound like a hammer, but it did not harm either the rider or his mount. The herdsman soon settled him, cutting him in two by lashes from his whip. I secured the rattles and button, which I added to my

collection of a number of others I had shot or secured in some way. This fellow had twelve or thirteen rattles and the button.

I had long since given up my vague idea of riding to California. It would have been a toilsome trip at best, and literally impossible during the excessive drought of that season. I made up my mind, however, to go as far as possible over the Great Divide, so one early morning soon after my return, about the third week in September, I rode across the foot hills, for it must be remembered that Denver is at least twenty miles from the base of the mountains proper, although it scarcely seems five, owing to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere. I wended my way through Clear Creek Cañon to Central City, then the heart of the mining region of which Denver was the supply depot. It seemed as if I would never reach the cañon, from which issues Clear Creek, then called the Golden Gate, and begin my ascent of the mountains. There had been a heavy fire in the mountains a short while before, which crossed the road to Central City through a neck of which I had to pass; probably it was not dangerous, but it was anything but reassuring to hear the crash of falling trees around me, and to see others smouldering still and apparently ready to fall. It was a miserable sight to see so much good wood destroyed for which the need was urgent at so short a distance.

I passed one or two taverns, not too good, on the way at which I and my horse rested for an hour or two. At length, on the evening of the same day, I arrived at Central City, and here, curiously enough, I found that things were rather more comfortable than in Denver. I had fairly good quarters and apparently a good corral for my horse.

There was nothing of special interest in the town itself, all mining towns being pretty much alike. I went down into one mine, that of the Galena Brothers, who I think, regarded me as a prospective investor. I must say that I did not especially relish crawling down two or three hundred feet below the surface of the earth on log ladders, and was just as well pleased when I returned to the upper air.

I remained in Central City about two days all told, and I met again the three good fellows I have mentioned before, who were here working at the good leads. I had my hair cut by a barber attached to the Central City hotel, a good little curly headed German, and felt quite dandified. Later when I returned from my journey across the divide, I found that the poor fellow had been the victim of a tragedy, of which I will speak later.

I had spent a day in prospecting around in the various mining leads, as they were termed, and having left my horse comfortably fixed in a

corral and my rifle stored away behind the bar, I proposed to take a walk as far toward California as the beaten track allowed. Starting in the morning at a fairly good hour, I walked along between the winding mountains. The "Idaho Sulphur and Soda Springs," now a popular resort, and even then known and frequented, were on my way to Georgetown, which I found to be a city of one log house with one or two shacks scattered sparsely here and there. You knew of their existence simply by the curl of smoke from their chimneys through the trees. This was the end of the road and civilization.

From that starting point to the Sierra Nevadas, all was a blank, for not much more than a hundred miles over the Great Divide which rose before me was at that time known to the white man. In all directions radiated indistinct trails made by mining prospectors, whose hammers could be heard tinkling on the mountain slopes on every side. The single log house or store was made of logs covered in with earth from the mountain side. It was stored with the usual contents: hams, small bags of flour, whiskey, tobacco, canned oysters, and other truck sold to the ordinary traveller or prospector.

To the left one could see the mass of Gray's peaks; I know not the name of the mountain to the fore, but the culmination of the Great Divide, over which the only trail then extended, was the

100 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

Berthoud trail. The proprietor of the store was a communicative genial sort of fellow. The hills looked so astonishingly close, as always in that clear atmosphere, and so facile of scaling, that I asked him if I could not follow the trail which appeared to me to be the most direct, get up to the peaks of the Great Divide, and return that same afternoon. This might have been about eleven o'clock in the morning. He looked at me with an air which expressed the general attitude toward me of the people of that region, surprise and amused interest, mixed, I think, with a mild contempt; for of all tenderfoots I suppose I was one of the tenderest, a perfect boy. He asked me if I knew how far it was. I said no, but that it did not look very far. He then "allowed" that it would take me a good deal longer than that, and moreover assured me that it was a pretty blind trail, and that as like as not I might happen to meet things on the way that I would not want to meet. This was so discouraging that I gave up the idea for the time, and sat down with this genial fellow, took a drink or two and a smoke, and prepared to spend a pleasant hour with him. Before the hour had elapsed, he looked up at the sound of horses' hoofs, and behold! there were five mules coming down the path. Four pack mules preceded one on which was mounted a driver, whom my host at once recognized as Jim somebody. He said at once,

“If you would like to go across the Divide, there is no one can show you the way so well as this man, for he is a trapper and lives with another man a couple of days’ journey on the other side of the Divide on the Grande River.”

Thereupon I replied, “Ask him in, introduce me, and let’s have a drink and talk it over.”

The result was that in less than a half hour, after a short communion with Jim, he twisted the lariat of one of his mules into a halter, and just as I was, I mounted and rode off with him into the unknown. I left instructions with my courteous store-keeper to send back word to Central City that my horse and rifle should be cared for until my return, for if I was not lost or dead I would come back and make all good.

We plunged into the woods and followed the trail over the Great Divide toward my companion’s camp. I soon found out that the trail was quite as blind as it had been represented, and that I should assuredly have been lost inside of a quarter of an hour had I been alone. My guide was a companionable but not over-loquacious fellow, whom I found to be a native of Pike County, Missouri. He had taken up trapping as an avocation, together with another man, called George, who was by birth a Marylander—from Baltimore, in fact—also, I was to learn, an accomplished trapper and one of the best rifle shots it has ever been my lot to encounter.

We plodded on our way, ascending and descending, until we reached from these comparative foot hills the base of the Sierra Madre, from there steadily up until we reached the snow-clad hills. Passing over the saddleback on the top, we found the descent more easy but more arctic. We had, perhaps, traveled half way down the mountains into a place relatively free from snow on the northwest side, when we came to a lean-to made of branches, which was my companion's regular camp on such journeys. He had brought what was a fair quantity of biscuits for one, but as he had hardly expected to share with another, he wished to supplement them with some game. With his revolver, his only weapon, he went out for some blue or "fool" grouse, of which a number were about. He secured two in three shots, for he was as handy with his revolver as with his rifle. These were roasted deliciously, by suspending them on quivering aspen stems over hot wood coals. After making a hearty meal, we picketed the mules, and seeing that the fire was under control, we crawled under the lean-to, covered ourselves with our blankets on a bed of balsam boughs, and slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning we again took our way on the trail toward Middle Park, as the grand depression between the mountains there was called. There were several of these so-called parks, North, South, Middle, and others. In the Middle

Park the Little Grande River is born; and the Little Grande gives its name to the Colorado Grande, which with its numerous affluents forms the great erosive force that has scooped out the Grand or Arizona Cañon.

On entering the Park after somewhat more than half a day's journey, we stopped at some wondrous sulphur springs. Here some one had built a tiny log hut, in order to stake his claim. It is probably a fashionable resort now. The spring itself fell over a little embankment which seemed to be formed of its own deposit, making a perfect hollow and a natural bath. The water must have been from 110 to 115 degrees in temperature, I suppose, for it was too hot to remain under it for any length of time, and we had to duck in and out of it in order to save ourselves from being scalded. A stone's throw away was another sulphur spring, as cold as the first was warm, and a little river near by was teeming with trout; the place very much resembled, I should judge, conditions in the Yellowstone Park.

We had an agreeable rest here, and then pushed on cheerfully again, and arrived at his camp on the subsequent day at about the same hour, possibly in all a little over two days after setting out from Georgetown. Here we found his partner George, a fine fellow. They were both well known in Central City, due to the fact,

perhaps, that every three or four weeks during the summer and fall months, they carried across bear, elk, and other meat, together with pelts. In winter the passes were entirely impracticable. They themselves, however, lived there, and shot and trapped the winter through. From my old letters, written to my family, I cannot give exactly the length of time I remained with them but it must have been from three to four weeks.

I enjoyed my new experience greatly. They were mighty hunters, and killed a young silver-tip grizzly, and a large black bear while I was their guest; unfortunately, however, on neither of these occasions was I present. The tracks of these and other animals were everywhere to be seen around the little fords of the river, and yet to my great disappointment I never saw a bear, far or near. I used to take a mule and scour the adjacent country for smaller game. I had one elk hunt with Jim, however, on the Diamond range of hills about ten miles away, so-called, I judge, from their configuration and not from their mineral contents. We got up above the wood line on that occasion, and in a little mountain meadow below we saw a herd of perhaps fifty of these animals grazing. It was growing dusk, and we were out of water and very thirsty, but securing our animals just above the timber line we went down cautiously, the westerly wind coming from them to us. Jim was moving

quietly in advance, and cautioned me to make as little noise as possible, but by the time we got within shot of them I lost sight of him. I remained quietly there, fearing that I might spoil his chance. In a few minutes, though it seemed to me longer, I heard his rifle crack. The elk were moving like shadows in the open space just beyond the tree trunks, and I expected to see them disappear instantly, but mysteriously they remained quiet. He had fired, aiming truly, but the bullet instead of piercing the elk's heart had simply broken his shoulder blade. The animals at that time were so tame or so unused to firearms that they must have regarded it as a stroke of lightning, for they simply became uneasy and did not run.

I remained quiet and scarcely breathing, for what seemed to me a half hour, though it may have been five or even ten minutes, but not hearing anything of my friend I proceeded cautiously until I got within shot and let fire point blank at the nearest one, without taking careful aim. I must have shot him, but he did not fall, and catching a glimpse of me the whole herd went down the mountain side like a torrent. We could hear them crashing through the underbrush for a half mile. I then went in the direction of my friend Jim, and found him volubly using language to which Uncle Toby or the army that swore most terribly in Flanders was a mere

circumstance. After failing to get his animal on the first shot, he attempted to reload behind a tree. In his haste he poured in the powder from his horn, and then attempted to ram in his bullet in his old muzzle-loading rifle without wetting the patch, and coming to a rough place in the barrel he used more force than was discreet and snapped his ramrod. He had endeavored to ram it down further, but without effect as he feared to make any noise, and thus our prospective supper and valuable quarry vanished literally in smoke.

There was nothing to do but to reascend to where we had left the mules and camp there for the night. The sun had just set, and in the distance we could see the Colorado Grande and near by other streams flowing majestically toward the south,—so much water in it and so little in ourselves that it was truly tantalizing. We were terribly thirsty; I have never spent such a night in my life, but there we had to remain until morning for it was impossible to descend. Having lighted a fire, we made our camp in a hollow left by the roots of a fallen tree; curiously the succulent roots had formed a meal for a bear not long before, as testified by the fresh tracks of the animal and the tender ends which were evidently chewed off. We chewed leaves, put cold stones into our mouths, and did everything we could think of to allay the pangs of thirst.

but it would not down; so we slept but little and the first rays of daylight found us descending the mountain, at the base of which the springs were abundant enough. And never was water so refreshing and delicious.

We had no luck during the whole thirty hours. I must have been a perfect hoodoo; so we returned to our old camp as empty and disgusted as any two men could be, with not even a stray deer or antelope. There, however, we found the abundance that always existed. Jim never took me as his hunting mate again; so I pottered around pretty much by myself, shooting ducks, sage hens, and rabbits for the rest of the time.

George, I remember, was very successful in trapping beaver and otter. There were few mornings on which he did not bring in three or four of the former animals, whose fur was at that time, and even now is, so valuable. Their meat also was excellent, but the scaly tail of the animal is the *ne plus ultra* thereof. The soup made from it leaves oxtail soup far, far behind. There was never any lack of meat; bread and vegetables were the luxuries, for these had to be packed. In fact, it may be said we had no vegetables, not even a potato, and an onion would have been prized above jewels. So the days went on.

One afternoon toward the end of my residence with these good fellows, there came crawling into our camp two distressed specimens of

humanity, one a white man, and the other a Ute warrior, who had hardly enough clothing on his person to wad a gun with; the other man was somewhat better clad, but as unkempt as a man could well be. Their horses' saddles, and other appurtenances were also in a dilapidated state. They told an engrossing story, which has, I think, real historic interest. It must be remembered that they were not addressing me, but the other men, who were well versed in adventure and hardship and cognizant to a large extent of the wilds in which they lived.

A month or two previous, the young white man, a very fine-looking fellow, by the way, had been in Denver. The country toward the New Mexican boundary was patrolled by companies of the First Colorado Cavalry at the time, to take care of a decided "secesh" element in Colorado and the adjacent territories. The soldiers had accidentally fallen upon a band of Arapahoes in the side hills who were incessantly at war with the Utes. These Arapahoes had surprised a band of Utes, killing some and capturing a young squaw. As I understood, they were preparing to celebrate the occasion by the deliberate tortures which they inflict on their prisoners, even women, by putting slivers of wood in their flesh and lighting them, shooting blunt arrows into non-vital parts, and other like diversions. Partly by persuasion, partly by show of force, and partly

by politic gifts, of which a lame mule was one, the soldiers had induced them to forego their purpose and turn their captive over to them. They brought her to Denver and delivered her to the authorities there. For a time the Governor of the Territory was at a loss what to do with this acquired ward, but the end of the matter was that a young man, a scout, knowing a little of the Ute language, volunteered to take the maiden back to her tribe over the hills and far away, so far that no white man knew where, to be guided by her to the abode of her chieftain, old Antoro, the Chief of the Utes, who lived somewhere in that hitherto inaccessible solitude.

His offer was accepted, and he started off over the same trail (Berthoud) following the stream down for many days' journey, perhaps two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles to the south; but having taken the left bank of the stream, owing to the fact that the woman was not so exact in topography as were the warriors of the tribe, he must have reached, judging from his description, the head of the Great Arizona Cañon. His words failed him in attempting to describe what he had seen; but what he lacked in poetry he made up in expletive. It seemed that he never could get language sufficiently awe-inspiring to tell us the character of the landscape and scenery. He said that he had traveled for days, two or three, or more, by the side of

this cañon, without being able to find a point at which to cross. It was a seeming impossibility. At length, the maiden recognized a trail which led down, a fault in the rocky strata; they followed it with great difficulty, reascending on the other side, and there found Antoro and his abode.

I have no sort of doubt now that this young man was the first white man who had a glimpse, of the upper portion at least, of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

He and his squaw companion had both bathed in the sulphur spring of which I have before spoken, on the way to the Grande River, and no doubt benefited thereby. Their progress thereafter seemed from his description to have been a veritable honeymoon, although naturally, from the difficulties on the way, attended with some vicissitudes, of which he gave an instance which I remember well. He said that they came late in the evening to one place where the rattlesnakes were so thick that both he and the girl spent the night in a semi-reclining position on the backs of their respective horses, without daring to move. I give his words.

On their arrival Antoro and the other Indians received them, or rather him, perhaps, in the most friendly way, and thought it showed a very amiable disposition on the part of the Great White Chief to have restored one of their tribe. Antoro made him very welcome, in fact offered

him an important position near him, it might be as a possible successor, and promised him all the pelts he could desire. Naturally he could not listen and after a short sojourn with them he determined to wend his way back to Denver and civilization; whereupon Antoro furnished him with an experienced warrior buck as a guide. They set off in the orthodox manner, and for a time all went well, but one night, they were careless, and having picketed their cayuses, went to sleep with their fire burning and unprotected, the tall sage brush and grass around them became ignited. Upon waking, their first thought was for their horses, which they fortunately secured before the flames reached them. On coming back they found the bow and arrows of the Indian and all their ammunition burned up, and most of their blankets gone or next to useless; after these mishaps, they were in bad condition for traveling the two or three hundred miles they had to cover before they reached our camp, on which they stumbled accidentally.

The boys filled their stomachs gloriously full, gave them some of our prized tobacco, which made them still happier, and, to crown all, a little drop of whiskey. I suspect that in all that wilderness there was not a happier white man or red man in existence. We did not allow them, however, to come into our tent; that was asking too much of hospitality, for they were as lousy

as men could well be. It appeared that they had been obliged to live on all sorts of creeping and animate things which they could catch on the way sometimes by ingeniously driving a school of trout into the shallows, and even eating snakes and crickets so famished were they. Their horses, of course, fared somewhat better, but not much, for they had been hard pressed.

I remember seeing the Indian in the cold, for the frosts were commencing in late September or early October, yelling and chasing the horses so that they would get warm enough to graze. The men stayed with us one whole day, eating and resting, and then bade us a cordial and grateful farewell and went on their way to Denver, where I later saw them again.

A few days after this incident, Jim prepared to take his monthly trip, and loaded his mules with meat of all kinds, including sage hens which we had shot the day before, for they were plentiful and almost as tame as chickens. I set off with him on my return trip.

We made the journey precisely as before, only this time we were a little better provisioned. On arriving at Georgetown, we took another libation or two at the shack of our friend, and reached Central City in capital shape. I bought from them the grizzly skin, which I afterward took to New York with me. It was a beauty. Though not large, it was perfect in every way.

On arriving at Central City, as I found my horse in fairly good condition and my gun safe, I prepared to descend the lesser hills to Denver, through Clear Creek Cañon.

And here I must relate the tragic story of my little friend the barber. It appeared that at Black Hawk, a sort of dependency of Central City, about a mile and a half down the creek, lived a man who kept a much-frequented, rough saloon with a billiard table in it. He had also, and this was not so common, a pseudo-wife. They had come from Kansas together; as I understood it, she had been married and they had come away without the formality of a divorce from her husband. Naturally she was a lady of not very exacting morality. Like all the rest of the town, she had looked with favor upon the handsome, musical, good-natured little barber, who could play the banjo and was a decided acquisition to the community. The acquaintance led to a liaison. When this was discovered by her "husband," he waylaid them on the road, leading to the mine of Colonel Casey in Central City, and killed the barber with the utmost brutality. Suspicion against him being aroused, he was arrested and put in jail, and would in any case probably have been convicted and hanged, but the evening of my departure down Clear Creek Cañon he was lynched by the virtuous population of that city.

But before this, on one of my free evenings in Central City, I attended the production of "The School for Scandal," performed by a company of whom a certain Daly was the manager. I do not know whether or not he was any relative of the present Daly. The company was a good one, and I have never seen the play better acted. Perhaps it was the unaccustomed surroundings that made it more piquant and acceptable. There was a fair hall-like structure which was used for all public purposes, court-house, city hall, and opera house all in one. The setting and scenic effects were rather primitive, but after all the play was the thing. Our seats whether they were of unplanned boards or not, were certainly rough, and any lateral movement thereon would expose one to the chance of a splinter in a tender spot. The audience, entirely masculine, was as well-behaved and as appreciative as in any theatre I have ever attended. Most of the men were rough and perhaps uneducated, but a fair minority were broken-rankers, ministers, judges, lawyers, doctors, and what not, who had left home driven by some strain or failure. You were as likely to have a college graduate at your elbow as a Cornish miner. One only needs to recall the writings of Bret Harte to imagine their general character. There was no bar on the place, but occasionally liquid refreshments would be handed around by some genial fellow, which it

was *de rigueur* to drink, after having rubbed your sleeve across the top of the bottle, and then pass on. The bottle seldom returned to its original owner with anything remaining in it, which was also a convenience of the occasion.

I just escaped the first snow, which was quite early that year, when I went on to Denver; I made the journey in fairly good time and arrived there, as I see by an old letter to my father, which he carefully preserved, about the last week of October.

VIII

EASTWARD HO

I THINK my old cayuse and I were equally pleased to descend from the high hills and pass through the Golden Gate to the entrance of the cañon by Clear Creek, debouching on to the rolling prairie land once more. The old boy absolutely whinnied with pleasure at seeing his familiar landscape. It had been snowing and was pretty cold, but relatively it had been only a miniature blizzard; so we arrived in Denver in good shape. For my part, I was crazy to get news from home and the States, the "white man's country," as it was called out there. I went to Cass and Eaton's immediately, and spent a pleasant hour reading my news from home, all of which was of a pleasant and reassuring nature. I put up as before at Sargeant's, and remained in Denver for about ten days, making occasional visits to acquaintances on their ranches in the vicinity, where I was received with hearty hospitality even when, although that was not always, I could be of no service to them. Incidentally I would record my impression that hospitality is

not always the absolutely altruistic virtue which is sometimes claimed for it, for the guest or stranger, especially in these sparsely inhabited places, no matter who he may be, nearly always brings something desirable with him which, especially if quarters and forage are not too scanty, adds zest and interest to the lives of his hosts.

A striking and historic event was interesting and exciting everyone at the time we arrived. I heard the story from one of the chief actors, Tom Tobin, who told it to me as we were sitting by a bright log fire in Sergeant's hostelry. At that time Tom was a grizzled and old man, about sixty-five years of age, and was probably the most noted and respected old scout in that section of the country, his reputation there even exceeding that of the better known Kit Carson, who was looked upon as somewhat of a *poseur*, although his merits were doubtless conspicuous. All, however, recognized Tom Tobin as the better man. The poor old boy, now dead more than twenty years, killed by one of the Carson boys in a quarrel or *mêlée*, related it to me in his husky voice, for he had been lacerated or crushed about the throat in an encounter with a bear. The details of the story seemed to me dramatic in the highest degree.

A certain family of greasers, Espinosa by name, native New Mexicans, who lived near the

borders of Colorado and New Mexico, had been so deeply injured by certain gringos or U. S. Government individuals that they resolved upon a system of vendetta carried to the bitter end. They took to the plains and mountain defiles in their neighborhood, somewhere near the Sangre del Christo Pass, and there committed a series of horrible and almost incredible murders, all of the victims being Americans. It was a common custom for them to come down and shoot up the scattered ranches, killing all of the inhabitants or terrorizing those whom they occasionally spared, and returning to their places of concealment with their loot of provisions, ammunition, and what not. They were especially likely to attack isolated travelers or intending immigrants; it might be, and often was, a family, father, mother, and children, who fleeing for refuge from some of the disturbed states had painfully toiled across the plains with their wretched outfit, consisting of a poor wagon and one or two cows, hoping to find a refuge in some sheltered spot where they could settle and dwell in peace. These ruffians would fall upon them and slaughter the entire family, cutting the throats of the animals even, and, piling the wagons and combustibles together, make a funeral pyre of them. Probably their victims numbered as many as forty persons. They even went so far in their religious enthusiasm as to make entries in their

note books invoking the blessing of the Virgin and their patron saints upon their labors. So alarming and numerous did these outrages become that the Governor deputed a Company, or a portion of it, the First Colorado, with Tom Tobin as scout and tracker, to chase the outlaws to their lair.

Their trail was discovered through the tragedy of a poor family, consisting of father, mother, and children, who with their scanty outfit, a few horses and one or two cows, had laboriously crossed the plains, only to meet their death at the hands of these desperadoes. This happened in one of the valleys leading to the pass which seemed to be the center of their activities. The tracks of one yearling cow which had been spared were discovered. Evidently they had tired of the ordinary game and resolved to see how beef would taste, so had driven the heifer more carelessly than was their wont up to the timber line, and then by hauling and pushing her over the fallen trees and rough places had taken the animal to one of their haunts. While the trail was obscure in some places the pursuers had followed it carefully; Tom, going before when the trail was very warm, had cautioned the others to make as little noise as possible, even if need be to take off their boots while following. They crawled for some considerable distance, and were lucky enough to find the Mexicans at home in a

well constructed lean-to, which looked out on the glowing coals of a thin wood fire they had built in a hole dug in the ground. They had butchered the yearling in an artistic manner and had, as was usually done with game, pulled down a sapling and fastened the carcass to it, allowing the sapling to spring back and carry it out of the reach of any predatory animal. One of the men was in the very act of cutting off a savory slice when they were discovered. Taking careful aim, Tom shot him in the kidneys, breaking his back, but not killing him. The other man had been asleep at the time in the shelter, but he instantly jumped to his feet and ran as fast as he could, endeavoring to escape in the surrounding brush. Without losing a moment's time (this was in the days of the old-fashioned muzzle loading rifle and percussion caps), Tom threw into his rifle some powder, rammed down the butt to make it go down, and dropped his bullet in without a patch. All this, to an experienced old trapper like himself, was the work of scarcely an instant; then he fitted on his percussion cap and, taking aim at the fugitive, shot and killed him instantly. The wounded Mexican, paralyzed but furious, drew his revolvers, of which he had two, and shot at the soldiers now closing around, killing one and wounding two others. Tom escaped without a scratch. They cut off this fellow's head, even while he was praying and blaspheming alter-

nately, then did the same with the other; leaving the carcasses for the wild beasts to devour, and brought the heads to Denver in an old gunny sack. They had delivered them to the Governor the very day this tale was told to me by Tobin.

A sequel hangs to this tale. The legislature had offered a reward of \$2500 for the capture of these ruffians but Tom got only \$500 of it at the time, which seems to me to be a scandalous piece of ingratitude on the part of the authorities. Over twenty years ago I saw a short account of this incident in the New York *Times* (unfortunately I have forgotten the exact date) noting the death of this poor old man, and among other things referring to this bit of history.

As we sat around the wood fire the old fellow told us of many other interesting, though not always so dramatic, episodes in his personal experience. Life was anything but a monotone in that country in those days.

While in Denver this time I again met, indeed one could hardly avoid doing so in the small place it was then, our friends, the Ute Indian and the scout, who had walked in upon us at Middle Park. The scout was a good fellow, as was also the Indian, who was now attired in trousers with the rear end cut out, a peajacket, and a stove pipe hat decorated with his eagle feather. I was "Howed!" by both of them most heartily. The scout and I spent an evening or two together,

one being attended by not particularly pleasant results. We went together to a saloon in which a lady called "Brass Mountain Bet" was the chief figure, if not attraction. She was one of the two or three ladies of that peculiar style in the town, and presided at the bar, sometimes varying her duties by acting as waitress. I do not know that either of us looked very prosperous, but certainly after two or three drinks we became very dopey, and both considered it the act of prudence to get out as quickly as possible and repair to our respective quarters. Whether it was the quality of the liquor or other ingredient, I know not, but I slept for nearly twenty-four hours, and awoke with one of the most frightful headaches I have ever experienced. I was quite content with this one experiment in that direction.

It was about time for me to set my face eastward. The idea which I had once entertained of riding to California was at that time probably impossible, now certainly so. It accordingly behooved me to turn my face once more to the sunrise. However, there was no sort of hurry. What an ass a boy is, and I was very much of a boy. How easy it would have been for me with my spare means to have invested one or two thousand dollars in Denver City lots, for the town was being marked out while I was there. Had I done so it would have assured me of great wealth today. But, as some one has said, "hind

sight is very much easier than foresight." Even while at Georgetown my boyish impulses were scarcely as aspiring as those of Balboa. Castalia, I believe, was the goddess of fountains. I was no god it is true, but I think my chief aspiration then was to pay my modest *devoirs* to the tributary streams of both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes.

Finally, about the middle of November, having sold my rifle and my good old "broncho" for approximately the sum they had cost me in Leavenworth, I one day took one of the stages that departed at regular intervals, and made the first part of my return journey to the States. When I came to Lillian Springs on my first day out, a rather unusual thing happened. We were at that time perhaps twenty or thirty miles from Denver. Winter had set in, and there had been quite a heavy fall of snow. In crossing one roll of the prairie, not a great way from Lillian Springs, on the road to Julesberg, in a large depression below us we saw gathered together what seemed to be many thousands of antelopes which were "bunching" for the winter. We could make nothing else out of it. Watching them intently, on a snowy knoll not far from our road, was a large coyote. Now these animals have a way of detaching an antelope from the band and capturing it by relay hunting, as it were. That was evidently the purpose of

this one. The old shot gun which I had retained lay under one of the seats of the stage, and I had ammunition in my pockets. My fellow passengers all exclaimed. "Why don't you go and have a shot at him?" Accordingly I rammed in a good load of powder and shot, put on a cap, and stole toward him. To my surprise, since I knew the slyness and cunning of these animals, he paid scarcely any attention, simply turned his head when I was about a hundred yards or less from him. Then taking good aim, I fired, killing him instantly; my shot must have struck him in the back of his turned head, and penetrated the spinal column, for he scarcely made a movement. I threw the body on top of the stage and skinned it at Lillian Springs, where I had elected to remain for a day or two with an acquaintance. I added the pelt to the collection of trophies which I had accumulated during my journey, among them being some magnificent Sioux bows and arrows, which had been used in warfare and in hunting buffalo.

In the "dobe" of my host I was at home. It is regrettable that I cannot remember his name, but it was a good Anglo-Saxon one, Brown, Smith, or something similar; Christian and not surnames usually sufficed for all purposes at that time. I found that this gentleman, who kept a small store, was about to go to Omaha for supplies, and would willingly take me with him

as a passenger if I preferred that to going by the stage. He had a pair of magnificent horses and a light "Democrat" wagon. This was relative luxury, comfort, and convenience for me, and I gladly and promptly arranged to accompany him. There were two besides myself. We remained at Lillian Springs a day or two, for the weather was growing bitter and cold, and then we set off on the return track, fording the Platte between Julesburg and O'Fallon's Bluff, and thence going down on the north or left bank of the river, on the opposite side to that which I had followed on my journey west.

On arriving at Julesburg, we found that the Butterfield stage had just reached its quarters and had brought the startling news of the hanging of Slade, and fourteen of his accomplices; Slade had been sheriff and the others his accomplished deputies in Virginia City, Nevada. This worthy is recorded at length by Mark Twain in *Roughing It*, as being one of the service men or scouts of the express at one time. He had killed a number of "bad" men in his vocation, at least a score, perhaps two, and had apparently been a valuable member of society in ridding it of these desperadoes, and had on this account been elected sheriff of this town in Nevada in which so much mining was done. Eventually, however, temptation overcame him, and he became as "bad" a man himself as could

be imagined, and the robberies, hold-ups and desperate deeds of himself and his confederates were frequent. When this had been ascertained by his victims and others concerned, a secret conclave was held of the wronged individuals about, and by a concerted plan at a given time the rascals and their chief were simultaneously captured, and naturally a court under the auspices of Judge Lynch was formed. Their guilt being sufficiently proved, the desperadoes were incontinently hanged, by being placed under trees, or other suitable and convenient accommodation with nooses around their necks and barrels under them, and then the support kicked away from beneath them. Our informant told us that Slade weakened decidedly toward his end and pleaded cringingly for his life. Naturally, the boon was refused. I remember reading about him in the Mark Twain book, and that is what brings it to my mind now. It created quite a stir, for in this very place Jules, after whom the place was named, had been killed by Slade in a merciless manner. Their quarrel resulted from an old feud between them, and Jules had plead with his adversary, who had the drop on him, very much as later was the case with his foe. And his pleading had also been in vain.

Our trip was without unpleasant incident. Of course we made far better time; down grade for the most part, a light wagon and good horses,

with pleasant anticipations of Eastern comforts at the end. Among the few incidents I now recall, however, was one of some interest; I have never been able to account satisfactorily for the conditions. Loup Fork is quite a sizeable affluent on the north side of the Platte. My memory is that we had to ferry across it. It was destined at some time to become a populous center, but there were only a few scattered dwellings, among them ruins of a hotel building of some pretention, which had been erected in an attempted boom. We went a little farther on but as evening drew on and we came to an isolated but fairly comfortable looking house, we applied, as the custom then was, for shelter for ourselves and forage for our horses, of course intending to pay fairly for the privilege. We were received, in a most surly and inhospitable manner by the only inmate for the moment, a masculine and repellent looking woman, but by insistence managed to force our claim for lodging, which it would have been almost inhuman to have refused. Both the man who afterward appeared, and the woman, who were the only occupants of the house, were surly brutes, both Scandinavians or Germans, more likely the latter, though not being conversant with German at that time I could not say which. There were three of us, and I at least was armed, having my shotgun. The man especially was a most powerful sinister-looking fellow, and was

more or less intoxicated. We were shown into a room where we managed to make a little fire with fuel which we ourselves collected from outside. We had our own blankets, and proceeded to lie down and make ourselves as comfortable as we could. We naturally made some little noise, which seemed to be so much resented by our unwilling host and hostess, that we were in fear lest the uncouth couple should make an attack on us. My two companions, however, were plainsmen and habituated to violence, so that no alarm was expressed; but we judged it prudent to barricade ourselves in the quarters where we were to pass the night. Of course I do not know that I am correct in my suspicions, but from the locality, the press descriptions, and other circumstances, I have had the idea, which still persists, that these two persons comprised the noted Bender Family, so notorious for the isolated murders which they committed on wandering peddlers and other wayfarers whom they used to kill, rob, and bury. How they could have hoped to get away with three persons, I cannot say, but we congratulated ourselves that we had some means of protection in my shotgun.

We were up betimes the next morning and, paying our surly host and hostess full value for what we had taken, we set off again. I remember, however, that on taking aim that day at some prairie chickens, both my percussion

caps snapped. It was certainly providential that we had not needed them for defense the night before.

A day or two later we passed another fair-sized stream flowing into the Platte, bearing the euphonious name of Rawhide Creek, this designation being taken from the horrible punishment of a cruel act committed by a foolhardy member of a band of immigrants or plainsmen some years before. It appears that a member of this lot in one of his insane moments had declared that he would shoot the first Indian he saw, which, a short time afterwards he did, in spite of the remonstrances of his associates. Naturally, the body of the victim, who was a squaw, was discovered by the members of her tribe, and it was an easy matter for them to determine the body of men among whom was the perpetrator. Accordingly their warriors pursued this band of white men, and surrounding them demanded that the guilty individual be delivered up to them. Being overpowered by *force majeure*, it was impossible for them to do otherwise, but foolishly the man was given up without any means of committing suicide, which would have been a relatively happy death for him, for he was skinned alive by the savage avengers, and tortured by the side of this creek, hence its name.

We were not a great way now from Omaha, and every day's progress brought us into a more

settled and civilized portion of the country, until we reached the city itself, insignificant then in comparison with its present size and importance as the terminal depot of the Union Pacific Railway. To be in a fairly well fitted hotel again, to have a bathtub and all the appurtenances of comfortable or relatively comfortable modern life, was a great boon. At last I was again in the white man's country. This was, as I remember, toward the end of December.

My next question was how to get to Chicago on my homeward route, for it must be remembered that at this time Iowa, which I must necessarily cross, was still one of the far Western states, and there was not a single through railroad line from the Mississippi to the Missouri. The Rock Island road, the most direct route, was only about half completed, the nearest point being at a station called Grinnell, quite a number of miles distant from Fort Des Moines, now the capital of the state; so it was not more than half across the state at that time.

I remained in Omaha for possibly a couple of days. There had been some severe weather to the north of us, and the ice was running heavily in the Missouri, so that it proved a somewhat ticklish task to cross the river in our laden flat skiff or boat, between the cakes of ice, to the foot of Council Bluffs on the other side. There, however, we got a conveyance to take our bag-

gage up to a hotel in the town. I engaged a place in the stage, to make our journey to the terminus of the railroad. We thought we were going to ride to our destination, but this proved to be somewhat of a delusion, for we walked more than half the way, the roads being half frozen, slippery, and full of ruts, so that we had invariably to walk down the sides of the steep slopes of the rolling prairie and then toil our way upward, riding only on the level intervals.

Among my boat and stage companions was a gentleman named Dr. Durant, who, I should judge, was an almost historic character in connection with the inception and building of the Union Pacific Railroad. At that time he was evidently in some interested position as promoter or lobbyist for that road at Washington, and elsewhere. He had a companion whose name I do not recall. At times in the stage they had a great deal to say about that mighty undertaking, and one of Durant's observations still remains indelibly fixed in my mind. As they could have had no idea that the rough ill-clad youth, carrying his bundle of skins, with his pants and other parts of his clothing patched up with dressed antelope skin, could be anything but a negligible quantity, they talked freely before me. I remember one discussion which took place between these two as to the propriety of making Omaha or Council Bluffs the terminus of that road, and

when one or the other said that the President, Abraham Lincoln, owned some real estate in Omaha, the other (I think it was Doctor Durant) replied that that was a decided objection to the President's favorable consideration of that site. It sank deep into my mind, and I believed then as I have always believed since, that the cognomen of "Honest Abe," was fully deserved.

We were now approaching the region of the rich farming lands, as was evidenced by the prosperous farmhouses, barns, and other signs of well-being, and a little later we reached the further evidence of civilization, the railroad cars at Grinnell. Incidentally, I recall that some years thereafter this town was visited by a severe tornado or cyclone, and almost wiped out. From there to Chicago was an easy and even to me luxurious trip, although the cars were rough and unheated.

Arriving at Chicago, I found that city in a state of confusion. There had been a backing up of the river, causing an inundation of the low-lying streets, so that the whole town might be said to be in a process of "jacking up," as it were. Walking on State and other streets was a continual succession of going up and down stairs. I got myself deposited at length at the Sherman House, the best hotel at that time, where they looked somewhat askance at my apparel and belongings. A full purse, however, overcame all

misgivings and I stayed there a few days, still wearing my old toggery, which I had resolved not to change until I reached home, having bought a rough overcoat to hide my clothes partially and prevent me from being too conspicuous.

I had a little private business at the time in that country, a few score of miles from the city itself, to which I attended, taking my shot gun along and incidentally bagging a few quail which were very numerous. Returning, I left Chicago on the first day of January, a cold day that was long known as the "cold first" of '64, and arrived at the old Mansion House in Brooklyn a few days later. I brought my old blanket, shotgun, skins, and other trophies safely with me, received a hearty greeting, and rejoiced to see my friends again.

IX

PROSPECTING

I SPENT nearly the whole of the year 1864 in somewhat the same dilettante fashion as before leaving for my Western trip. Still nothing offered in the way of business which I felt anxious or willing to accept; I had some money invested in a mercantile enterprise which paid a fair return but gave me no occupation. One offer rather tempted me, but I, although not an American citizen, dismissed it as unpatriotic; that was to enter the blockade running business, under the rose. A number of my friends, both English and Americans, were so engaged, shipping goods from New York to Bermuda, Jamaica, and other West Indian ports, to be run over from there into the Confederate ports. The occasional capture of some cargoes made but small inroads on the large profits. There was not much grass growing in the streets of New York, as the Southerners had predicted at the commencement of the war. The old St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels were the centers of the life of the time. The theaters, with Wallack, Boucicault,

Burton, Laura Keene, and others, were in the zenith of their gayety. About this time a play called "The American Cousin" was first produced at Laura Keene's theater, with Sothorn as Lord Dundreary. Every man of that date must remember Burton with his "Toodles" and "The Serious Family," Boucicault with his "Vampire," "The Relief of Lucknow," and other plays, and Wallack with his first-class stock company and their rendition of the old English plays and "Rosedale" of immortal memory.

However, I was dissatisfied, and longed for some suitable occupation. I had been spending my time "piking" in stocks, a proceeding in which I came out about even, and making occasional visits to the Berkshires. In the subsequent winter a possible business chance turned up. There was, as is obvious, a great lack of resin, tar, and other marine stores in the country. The oil fever was just at its height, and a friend of mine had entertained a proposition from a man engaged in lumbering in the upper Alleghany region to enter into a business which should combine that with the extraction of the resinous products of the pines in that district. He made a fair proposition to me to go out and look into this matter, with a view of enlisting me in the enterprise.

Accordingly I once more took up my pilgrim staff and proceeded to Pittsburgh, and thence up

the Alleghany Valley into the wilds of Forest County, Pa., to a place called Tidioute, where I met the person in question. I soon satisfied myself that he was speculative and unpractical, and that the project was decidedly an affair to be let severely alone. I so reported to my friend; but being in the neighborhood of the great oil region of the time, Oil Creek, Pitt Hole, and Franklin, I visited that section and spent a little time there observing the wondrous phenomena of nature, and the almost equally remarkable efforts, devices, and ingenuity of man in developing and controlling these hitherto unknown natural resources. The immense ingenuity and adaptability of the American business man and mechanic surely never underwent a more severe test or ever wrought such a revelation of mineral wealth. No one could be long in that region without absorbing something of the oil craze. In fact, it is a matter of economic history that all the Northern and Eastern States were affected by it. An endless number of companies, both fraudulent and honest, were started, and there were few individuals with any means at all in the Northern States but owned at least a fractional part of some real or assumed oil property.

Even after I returned and made my report, the image of the Oil El Dorado persisted. I held out as long as possible, but six weeks thereafter I returned again, ostensibly to look over

things once more, and without any clear idea of taking any active part therein. But the moth could not remain away from the flame. Even now, at this distance of time, it seems to me that no other speculative craze ever occurred in the United States that so obsessed the general commercial public. Though I am not old enough to speak of the "forty-niners" from personal experience, I think they must have been as a tallow candle to an electric light. I remember on this second visit seeing men who like myself were wandering around in that country of squalid hotels and still rougher retreats, with their small satchels crammed full of greenbacks, which they deposited under their heads at night. Their intention was to snap up the "guileless" rustics in a trade or dicker; for as a rule these farmers would accept nothing save good United States money for options on, or purchase of, their lands. As Dickens remarks in one of the chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, the air was thick and slab with dollars and oil. I too must needs fall under the spell of it. In my ridings around I thought I had discovered a bargain, and was not slow in clinching it. It involved the purchase of from eighty to ninety acres for nine thousand dollars. My find was situated about two miles from Oil City, on a little creek or run as the streams hereabouts were called.

In view of my later experience, I perhaps

was not judicious. Yet when I bought it, that could hardly be said. All things were speculative, and on the following day I could have sold it at a considerably enhanced figure.

What was next to be done? I returned to New York where without any zeal on my part I found several of my friends all willing, nay anxious and pressing, to put a little money in this affair for the development thereof, perhaps six thousand dollars in all, a sum which was considered enough to bore a well and enter upon developments generally. I was to manage the project myself in all ways, and they were to receive their exact pro rata of the prospective gains. I do not recollect that any formal papers were drawn up, as they trusted to my integrity.

I lost no time in setting to work. Having bought the necessary portable engine and other equipment, mostly in Venango County, Pa., I had them conveyed to that part of my farm which I considered the most favorable, hired the men necessary, three in number, to make ready and commence boring. The leader or chief of this party was an old plainsman named Hope, who had lived in Colorado. His name seemed a favorable omen. I put a young newly-married farmer named Montgomery Carter (or "Gum" Carter, as he was commonly known) in charge of my log house and farm. I then found that so many things had to be bought from the most

convenient if not the nearest town (Franklin) that it was necessary to procure a couple of stout horses and a farm wagon. Warren, Ohio, just beyond the Pennsylvania line, was the likely spot, and with the advice and assistance of a friend whom I had met, I was well suited. I hired a man as driver, whom I afterward retained to work for me, and started out on the fifty-mile trip back to the farm.

April, 1865, had already arrived, and when half way back on my journey on the afternoon of April 14th, I first heard the sad news of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, at Ford's Theatre in Washington, where Laura Keene was playing in "The American Cousin," of which I have already spoken. It was a dreadful shock to that remote community, even as to the rest of the world. I can well remember my own emotions.

A few words in regard to the well may be interesting. We drove some twenty or thirty feet of coarse iron pipe into the soil, which was evacuated by cross drilling and the use of a "sand pump," which consisted of a copper cylinder with a leather valve in the bottom that opened on descent, and closed on its return journey. After the rugged derrick had been built and the engine put in position, the first application of the drill was made. The use of the derrick is easily understood. The *modus operandi* is, of course, the

same as that employed in drilling any other hole,—impaction and rotation of the drill. This drill, or bit, as it was technically called, was secured by a heavy screw with flanges to a long heavy rod, fifteen or twenty feet long and two and a half inches in diameter, these again attached in the same way to what were technically called the “Jars,” which by the alternate lift and depression of the walking beam gave first the penetrative force and afterward an upward blow, to liberate the bit from possible jamming or sticking. This again was united at another joint by a screw, cam, and shoulder to the upper or socket joint, in which the end of the cable was carefully fastened, and by which it was attached to the walking beam.

There are doubtless many improvements on this method today, diamond drills and such things, but this was the old way, and although slow it was very effective.

The drilling averaged from two to five feet per day, differing with the hardness of the strata. After the coarser hole made by the bit had gone a certain distance, another tool was substituted, called the “Rimmer,” consisting of a more flattened, discoid arrangement with edges which without being very sharp were slightly concave and exactly fitted the diameter of the hole. It was lowered and worked until the hole became perfectly smooth. The resulting débris, in the

form of fine mud, was then again sucked up by the sand pump. From this crude, imperfect description, one may have some idea of the immense amount of toil and care required to punch a hole in the earth to the distance of five hundred feet, as in this case, and often nearly a thousand in others. Frequently the bit stuck in the hole for an indeterminate space of time, and only continuous "jarring" for hours would release it. Sometimes again the crevices or rough edges in the strata beneath would engage the ends of the tools, causing great difficulty, and resulting sometimes in entire loss or failure. We had worked a month or two when one such accident did occur.

We had more than our share of bad luck and my men, with whom I had made a contract at so much per foot, were in a fair way to lose, perhaps had already lost, money on the proceedings. Eventually, about the middle of the summer, for all the necessary preliminaries had taken much time, when we had nearly accomplished the needed depth through the sandstone and other strata encountered, the rope parted about 150 feet from the top of the tools, leaving that end, together with the tools, embedded in the well. Thereupon the force alluded to, a most disgusted lot of men, abandoned the job. They had not made any money, and there was no way of compelling them to complete the contract. What was to be done?

For some time, nothing. However, during this period I had formed, as one naturally would, many acquaintances among the superintendents and working men, and others in the adjacent towns or hamlets and settlements. One man in particular, a gentleman by the name of Lamb, the manager of some extensive works of the kind near Franklin, had a son, whose first name I cannot now remember. He was a bright intelligent youth with considerable knowledge of this form of well exploitation, and in talking with me one day he volunteered to come and live with me, and at a reasonable payment to see if he could help out. I had some knowledge of machinery and mechanics from my former experience in the factory, and what was first to be done we resolved to attempt.

Accordingly, having procured other tools, somewhat lighter but of the same essential type, we went to work,—first to recover the lost rope, and then to see if we could not get another instrument which would spring around the joint of the attachment of the socket joint, and by so doing jar the old tools loose from the hole. We were not entirely sanguine, but we resolved to try. We lowered the instruments into the hole, using what were technically called “spears,” crude devices to cut the rope up in sections. I worked sometimes with the Temple screw while he tended the engine, and vice versa, shutting off

our work at night and beginning again the next morning. To make a long story short, we eventually succeeded in bringing up all the cable in detached and chewed up bits from a depth of nearly four hundred and fifty feet. Finally, we ascertained that we had arrived on the top of the socket joint, by hearing the distinct metallic clash communicated to the rope and Temple screw.

Our next work was to get the instruments which would slip over the top of the shoulder or cam and hold it while we "jarred." The contrivance, which is known to all workers in this business, is called a pair of "grabs," a name they fully deserve. We succeeded after a time in catching hold. After this it was a work of some days of continuous "jarring," the spring of the new rope aiding to get the tools to the surface. We finally accomplished our task and, having clamped them, we almost knelt down and thanked God. Remember that during all this time at every change of instrument and even for the sharpening of the edges of both bit and rimmer, which weighed over a hundred pounds, I had to carry them in front of my saddle into Franklin and back, a distance altogether of over fifteen miles. But such days were holidays in comparison with our steady work.

Then we two drilled the hole to a further depth of approximately forty feet, well into what was

called the third sand rock (the usual oil-bearing strata), and procured pipe, screw rods, and pump. After screwing them together and lowering them, we proceeded to pump, getting, as was the won't, a lot of salt water out of the well and precious little oil. We continued this until it became apparent that we had struck what was technically known as a "dry hole," so that all of our industry and money was practically thrown away. That, however, was the case with all the holes in the immediate vicinity of Two Mile Run or Creek. My customary want of luck had not failed me, and both I and my trusting friends were so much out of pocket. Some years thereafter I sold the farm for \$2000.00, when I needed the money sorely.

My ill fortune did not cease here, for at the end of that year (1865), after having two or three times "seed-bagged" (the customary way of shutting off the crevices above at different depths, and again pumping) with no better results, I invested a thousand or two dollars in a share in an oil-producing well at Petroleum Center. Not long afterwards the well caught fire and burned; machinery, derrick, tanks, and everything was lost. As the price of oil at that time (early in 1866) was perhaps as low as it ever was, the well was abandoned. During that spring, in conjunction with some others, I had taken up a claim on the Alleghany River, two or three miles below

Franklin, on what promised to be good oil territory. As my share, I put into the enterprise my boiler, engine, and all my movable appurtenances. After the lapse of a month or two, through some mismanagement, the boiler exploded, and wrecked this, the last of my oil ventures; thereafter, so far as oil was concerned, I was "down and out," and confined myself for months strictly to farming and studying.

Among other friends and acquaintances I had in the neighborhood was a gentleman who kept a drug store in connection with his practice as a physician, Dr. S. S. Porter. On my frequent visits to Franklin I used to spend many evenings with him and we became fairly intimate. He was a graduate of Bellevue and had been an interne at one of the Hospitals on Blackwell's Island, and had established a successful practice. I often talked over with him my experiences and at times expressed my despondency over my losses and my dwindling resources. Once during my cogitations as to what my future could, would, or should be, he suggested the advisability of my adopting the profession of medicine, expressing his confidence that my education and natural promptings would better fit me for a professional than a business career. I considered the matter carefully in my long evenings, and finally permitted myself to be influenced by his counsel. From that date, the winter of '65-'66, he became

my instructor, lending me books, especially Gray's Anatomy, which I faithfully studied, and upon which he quizzed me on my visits to Franklin. At that time it was customary for medical students to begin work in this way with some established physician, as a preface to their college courses in medicine. In this manner I spent many pleasant evenings with him, and gained from my association in his drug store a fair knowledge of matters pharmaceutical, which was of great value to me in later life. He advised me to follow his course in regard to collegiate studies, taking the first year at Ann Arbor, which he thought to be one of the best schools in didactic medicine in the United States, and pursuing my graduating courses in Bellevue or some other city college.

For nearly a year after the failure of my oil enterprises I lived on my farm, making only occasional visits to New York, as this was the least expensive way of passing my time. During the long evenings in the country, I devoted as much of my time as I could spare from my medical studies to the acquisition of the Spanish and German languages, in which I had already had a very few lessons. I painfully read through my Don Quixote in the original two or three times, aided by a lexicon and grammar, and worked up the regular and irregular verbs in German as well as I could without instruction.

During the day, when not otherwise occupied in aiding in the farm work, I would go out with my gun, as there were always some ruffed grouse, and other game. I had no dog, but they were easily walked up and if hard hit could be gotten without much help. I had a good saddle mare, Kate, who, by the way, was an exact picture of Flora Temple. We were great friends, and could get across the country anywhere. I got her cheaply, for though she was spirited and swift, she detested a buggy, and would kick one to pieces in a few minutes; however, as I had none, I could not quarrel with her on that score. She was remarkably intelligent and sympathetic, more like a companion than a mount.

I do not know that I ever met John D. Rockefeller, Arbuckle, or any of his other notable colleagues in and about Oil Creek, Pitt Hole, or the neighboring El Dorados, but they were probably in the district at that time, just laying the foundations of their gigantic enterprises. I have often reflected that these men were at one time not long previous in want of the few thousands which I could readily have supplied. But how many more could have said the same thing.

The sight of a gushing well at that epoch was an inspiring, almost awesome spectacle, with a stream, flowing perhaps a thousand or more barrels per day, largely mixed with salt water

and gas, rushing and foaming through the pipes with a tremendous roar, threatening to tear them from their connections, and giving those interested all they could do to build tanks and receptacles to hold the dirty but precious fluid. Sometimes even the pipes would be ejected, entailing much loss and trouble. Still again, one would take fire and become a volcano. During my time Pitt Hole was the favorite scene for this phenomenon. One well which burned for an incredible length of time was situated not far from my attempted enterprise on the Alleghany, below Franklin. It was finally extinguished by an ingenious method of loading it up with sand, which was conveyed by a long conduit built up of planks on wagon wheels. Thus the vent was choked and the flow so diminished that it could be brought under control.

It was occasionally necessary to lower explosives down to the oil-containing sand rock and then explode them in order to improve the production by disrupting the adjoining rock and widening the crevices. An acquaintance of mine, a Hungarian chemist, met a tragic fate in connection with this work. He was engaged in making nitro-glycerine which he would take out in cans to the different wells for the purpose of making explosions. I had been especially interested in him, as he spoke several languages,

French, German, and Hungarian, and was a thoroughly cultivated man. I had many books with me which I had brought from Paris, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, novels, and other works, and these I loaned to him for his perusal. The poor gentleman, for such he was, although I doubt not he made a fair income by his manufacture of the nitro-glycerine, was accustomed to deliver this explosive to the wells which were either non-yielding or had lessened their flow, in order to "shoot" them, as the process was termed. One day, when conveying a large quantity of the nitro-glycerine, in his usual reckless manner, carrying it in cans more or less loosely over the fearsome roads of that region, in some way an explosion occurred, and nothing was ever seen or heard of him thereafter. The only evidence of the disaster was an immense hole in the road, and one tire of the wagon which was found in a tree some quarter of a mile distant; all other traces of the wagon, his team, or himself were absolutely annihilated. Although we were not close friends I greatly regretted his death, for he was an intelligent and courteous gentleman whom it was a privilege to know in that section, where literature had but few devotees.

X

MEDICINE AND OLD WIEN

IN the autumn of 1866, I rented my farm, and riding my mare Kate and leading the two farm horses, I rode through Venango, Butler, and Alleghany Counties to Pittsburgh. Horses being more or less of a drug in the market around Franklin, I went to the shipping station at East Liberty, and shipped them in a car (I accompanied them myself in the caboose) to Philadelphia, where I sold them. It went to my heart to part with my little riding mare but I needed the money, and after explaining her good qualities I sold her to a man who promised to be kind to her. Thinking of it now, I almost wish that I had killed her, for it was more like parting with a dear friend than a mere animal.

I then returned to my old quarters in Brooklyn, arranged my mundane affairs, and started for Ann Arbor, as planned with Dr. Porter. I worked there with a fair degree of assiduity for the full term, and remained three months more, studying chemistry, anatomy, and other subjects. I passed the quizzes of some of

the resident professors, Douglass, Armor, Ford, and others, and stayed there until well into 1867. From there I went to Bellevue, where I matriculated, graduating in 1868. I became the private pupil of Dr. Hamilton, the well-known author of *Fractures and Dislocations*.

The historic teaching staff of that time is well remembered by many; I have only to allude to the names of Hamilton, Wood, the Flints, Hammond, Van Buren, and Doremus. A number of men since quite distinguished graduated in my class, among others Dr. J. D. Bryant, later the intimate friend and medical attendant of Grover Cleveland, Bosworth, A. R. Robinson, Graham, and Foster.

After completing an interneship at the Brooklyn Hospital, in the summer of '69, I took a steamer to Glasgow, where I arrived in due course, having made a number of very interesting friends. On this trip I was offered the position of private surgeon by a Chinaman controlling large interests in Manila, and also another by a certain Mr. Salt, the manager of the Vulture Mines in Arizona, but declined both, as I wished to pursue my studies further in Vienna, then the Mecca of all medical students. One of the passengers was Major Wilson of the 42nd Highlanders. This genial and gallant gentleman and myself, from propinquity at table, had become very friendly before the end of the

voyage to Glasgow. He was returning to Britain from India, having from long service become invalided and granted an extended leave. In returning, he took by choice the route across the Pacific, landing in either Canada or the United States, I forget which. His main object in doing this, besides touring somewhat, was to make a veritable pilgrimage to the spot where his regiment had suffered the most severe reverse and loss in all its history, in the ill-fated expedition of Abercrombie against Montcalm, about 1758. Much of the fighting had been around and about the Fort of Ticonderoga, on the neck of land separating Lake George from Lake Champlain. It was like another Braddock affair. Montcalm and his forces, French, French-Canadians, and Indians, ambuscaded and defeated them there with great and (so far as the 42nd Regiment was concerned) unexampled slaughter. Personally I knew Lake George and vicinity well, having on various occasions prior to this time spent many happy months there; this of course created a bond between us.

Major Wilson was a cousin of Gordon Cumming, the African explorer and hunter, but seemingly had no very high regard for him. He was a good raconteur when one could draw him out, and related many experiences which, as they are somewhat historic, I may be allowed to relate as briefly as possible. He had served with his

corps in the great Indian Mutiny and once I think had led the "forlorn hope," or storming party at either Lucknow or Delhi. A big wall surrounded the compound of this fortress or half palace, and some huge wooden doors,—strong, to be sure,—very firmly barricaded the entrances. Volunteers, three or four of them, English, Scotch, Irish, and Ghourkas, were given orders to blow in the gates. They were furnished with bombs; the supply of what would be the regular article now was limited then. These bombs were made of tightly tied bullock-hide with gunpowder filling and a fuse attached. The volunteers, under the protection of the English fire, but exposed to a murderous one from the mutineers, were directed to affix these bombs to the doors or gates, light the fuses, and then to retire and do the best they could to find shelter. One, at least, was killed in the advance, another was fatally wounded, but still another managed to carry out the plan and make entrance possible by the shattering which followed.

Advancing with his men and heading them, he penetrated into the open space, and here comes the Scotch canniness of the affair. After advising his front rank to follow his example, the moment he entered the enclosure he moved obliquely to the side to avoid the terrible convergent fire and, as I remember, escaped without a scratch. In the more or less hand to hand fight-

ing which followed in the galleries, corridors, and little streets, the mutineers were literally wiped out.

Another incident in this connection: In one of the narrow alleys of this place there stood a Pandy (vernacular for mutineer) with gun cocked, peering from a recess, with head and neck stretched out, waiting for a favorable moment to shoot. The Captain, seeing him, jumped back to cover, being intently watched by said Pandy who, in his excitement, had not noticed one of the Ghourkas (they formed part of the British forces and were extremely loyal and serviceable) stealing up to him with his heavy curved Kukri (a sickle-shaped knife or sword). With this the Ghourka decapitated him where he stood. This episode brought a chuckle from the Captain at the time, and always after when he recalled it, he remarked: "How surprised the Hindu must have been when he woke up and found he was dead."

He was very amusing, too, in his comments on his men. He loved both them and his regiment, but he used to say that their high-pitched falsetto Highland voices, in such marked contrast to their stalwart bodies, were like the skirling of gulls in a gale of wind whenever they had anything like an excited discussion.

I must add yet another of the Major's experiences. When younger and a subaltern of the

same regiment he was quartered at the Castle, Edinburgh. In performance of some function the Company to which he belonged was ordered into the City or Parade ground below. The weather had been drizzly, sleety and freezing, and the path was almost like glass. Anyone who knows Edinburgh and the steep slope of the Castle Road can imagine the situation. In descending, some of the front files slipped, thereby tripping those that followed, so that they arrived at the bottom, in a pretty demoralized state. Now there is an old Scotch proverb, "It's ill taking the breeks frae a Hieland man"; in sliding down on their backs, their kilts, to put it mildly, became somewhat disarranged, so that the gallant 42nd showed more of their backs to the populace than they ever show to an enemy. On their arrival at the bottom of the declivity, they were received by a fire of jocose raillery by the very mixed crowd awaiting them. The Major could never forget this incident.

On landing at Glasgow, the Major took a train for Edinburgh, where he was to have at the Castle perfunctory charge of the recruiting for his regiment, a company or a portion thereof being stationed on duty there. Being invited to call and see him at the Castle, I met him there again some thirty-six hours later. We dined each other, and I spent two pleasant days with him. We then parted, and thereafter I saw

him no more forever. Some years afterward I heard that he had revisited the United States and had made further inquiries after me.

I spent the Sunday in Glasgow. It was rainy. If anything can be more depressing than a rainy Sunday in Glasgow I have yet to experience it; but it was well made up on the next day, for I went through the Trossachs and saw the beautiful Lochs Lomond and Katrine, and the interesting country toward "Auld Reekie," where I arrived in due course. The Major had compared Lake George favorably with the aforesaid lakes. They are hardly comparable, however: each has a beauty of its own.

It is of little use to dwell on the route I took to Vienna, but the itinerary included Hamburg, Berlin, and Dresden; a look in at the small but magnificent picture gallery in Dresden, with the priceless Madonna di San Sisto above all; a glance at the jewels and objects of art in the Grune Gewolbe. These may not be so stupendously costly but they are more attractive in setting, arrangement, and appearance than other collections of the sort elsewhere, at least so they seemed to me. Then, by third class Bummel Zug, or slow train, through the interesting country to Prague, the capital of Bohemia.

A couple of interesting days were spent at Prague, viewing the old synagogue, the oldest in Europe; I took walks across and around the

city, crossing the old bridge over the Moldau River, that big tributary of the Elbe, with its rows of statues of the saints on either side, and St. John von Nepomuk the chiefest among them, as patron saint of Bohemia, who was slain by the King for refusing to disclose the confessions of his Queen. As interesting as aught else was a visit to the Hradschin or State House, where the student population had such a habit in their frequent revolutionary escapades in former centuries of pitching their mayors or governors out of the window, usually breaking their necks but always more or less fracturing something. Then, into my third class Bummel Zug again and off for Vienna,—the last lap; I passed Pilsen and Budweiss, with leisurely stops every now and again for good beer and excellent Wurst, cheese, and other provisions. The same money provided both beer and coarse seitel, or big glass, which you deposited in the car after drinking the contents. Really, it was the way to see Bohemia or Germany in those good old days when except for far off wars everything was peace and fairly good will. What a contrast in fifty easily remembered (painfully so the last six) years.

I arrived in Vienna (Wien, the Kaiserstadt) somewhere about the end of July, and immediately took up my modest quarters with one of the best of men and students, Dr. Trueheart, who in no way belied his surname, in the narrow

street Spitalgasse, adjoining the General Hospital (Allgemeines Krankenhaus).

Dr. Trueheart had been born in the South, and was an advanced student in the University of Virginia at the breaking out of the Civil War. Like most of his mates, he served in the Confederate Army, and after the war graduated, and then came to Bellevue College, New York, for further post-graduate instruction. In the meantime he had been married, but his wife died after a very short while. Almost broken hearted, he then resolved to go to Vienna for further study. I met him in the year of my graduation, 1868, in the clinics of Bellevue; and we became intimate friends. The Doctor, on his return from his studies abroad, eventually settled and realized a distinguished position as ophthalmologist, in Galveston, Texas, where, as well as with his professional successes in other ways, he distinguished himself by his civic services in the great and destructive inundation of that city many years since, some little time later being elected Mayor of the city and receiving other civic honors.

He had been living and studying in Vienna over six months when I arrived there as per agreement, and he proved of infinite service to me in telling me how to proceed and introducing me to several "docents" in various special branches, instructors, who are to all intents and

purposes apprentice Professors. They, being almost always first assistants of the professors themselves, had after eight or ten years of such service a claim on professorships themselves in either that or other kindred colleges of Southern Europe. There was always a large number of foreign students in Vienna, nearly all graduates in medicine, attending the Kliniks and lectures of the learned chiefs of special and other branches. Perhaps the larger number of them were Russians, but they were closely run by those from the United States. There must have been at least fifty or sixty of us. How many of them, alas, are now dead; and, naturally, how old are the survivors. Glasgow, Todd, and Carson of St. Louis, Putnam of Boston, have joined the majority, and Bull of Connecticut, George H. Fox, Bronson, L. D. Bulkley, A. R. Robinson, all of New York, and my dear old friend F. C. Curtis of Albany, are still living; with some of them I have an occasional retrospective talk.

Arpad Gerster, since and now a distinguished surgeon of New York and brother of the brilliant Etelka Gerster, the opera singer, was a fourth year student at this time. I knew him, but knew still better Paul Pavlik, another fourth year man, afterward the noted Professor of Gynæcology at Prague, now dead. I also knew Schnabel, then the Assistant of Jaeger, the ophthalmologist, afterwards Professor of Ophthalmology at

Prague, and many others. But most, and best of all, do my memories go back to Hans v. Riedel and Karl Rokitansky, son of the distinguished pathologist, both of them at that time attached to the double chair of obstetrics, held then by Professors Spaeth and Braun respectively. These two latter assistants and "docents," Riedel and Rokitansky, and myself were almost inseparable on our off nights; and many a "pokal," or goblet, of good Vienna beer, or something stronger, was quaffed by us in company, usually at the sign of the Kugel (Atlas bearing up the World) in the "Freiung," a sort of three-cornered square of the town.

Not all the time, however, was spent at the table. Among the more pleasurable things were the spare afternoons spent with them and other good fellows in excursions up the Kahlenberg, Leopoldsberg, Wiener Neustaat, and other places. Surely, at that time Vienna was the most hospitable and perhaps the gayest of all capitals in its good-humored "laisser-aller," live and let live, way.

The Opera House had a beautiful location. It was new and splendid, and the entrance fees were ridiculously cheap. What could one do better than go for a couple of nights in the week (it ran five nights a week for ten months), paying eighty Kreutzer, equivalent to forty cents American currency, for a capital seat on the

fourth floor balcony, where music was perhaps better heard than elsewhere in the house. The repertory was always changing, the singers excellent, though not all stars, and the orchestra as fine as any in Europe.

There were innumerable other pleasing features in this most attractive capital. The near surroundings, as I have already hinted, were picturesque and full of historic interest, easy to get at by all sorts of locomotion, foot or conveyance, and fair to look upon. There were rambles with the men already spoken of, others, as with Curtis, for instance, and his friend Dr. Fitch of Illinois, and sometimes, as guide, philosopher, and friend, old Scheitauer, the prosecutor of Professor Rokitansky, a veritable Silenus, who would always know of some choice resort for beer and charming outlook. His contented chuckle as we would start, and his "dort findet man eine wunderschöne aussicht und ein collossales bier" (there we will get a wonderful view and colossal beer), bring back memories that will not down.

The theatres were all good in their way, from the classic "Hof" to those of "Carlstadt und an der Wieden." In the latter, the Offenbachian comic operas, well translated and sung in German, were in great vogue, such as "The Grand Duchess of Gevolstein," "The Brigands," and "Bluebeard." Mlle. Geistinger was then the reigning soprano, and gave them with all their

humor and music. It seems a pity, even now, that they are not resurrected occasionally. Their librettos were exceedingly good, not coarse, as comic operas go now, and the music I think better than that of the present date, with their one or two catchy airs. Then, too, one could hear in the second or third rate coffee houses or Casinos in the Prater (the Park), every Saturday or fête day, some super-excellent military band, often led by Edward and semi-occasionally by Johann Strauss. The Blue Danube and other waltzes were played as they ought to be, and the surroundings were well in tone with the melodies.

Now for the working or professional part of my sojourn in this city. All of the young foreign medical men with whom the Kliniks were crowded had one or more studies of predilection, as, for instance, special direction and attention in the way of Dermatology, Laryngology, Ophthalmology, or Surgery. I had made my choice, and have placed first the two in which I was most interested. Certainly Professor Hebra was the most eminent teacher of dermatology in the world at that time, a man of most pronounced personality and views, and a distinguished author. His Kliniks were crowded. Without being a profound linguist, he had a technical knowledge of most tongues. He had a good deal of humor, and his droll but observant comments in various languages on the patients in his immense number

of clinical cases were always instructive and often excessively amusing. He had a short, rotund figure, with a coarse but jovial face; and he delivered himself in the Viennese dialect and vernacular in his pertinent way. He was as good a diagnostician of the various races and occupations of that big conglomeration of races comprised in the Austrian Empire as man could well be, giving at the same time the cause of their disease, as well as the particular trade or vocation they followed. After a couple of hours on the benches every morning, one always went away glad of having had the opportunity to hear him.

Schrotter, the laryngologist, was also an excellent teacher. For a good eight or nine months I followed his daily classes, became almost intimate with him and was often, and at the last almost invariably, the first called upon by him to examine a new case, form my diagnosis, and await his verdict. One such case I now remember well, a somewhat historic one. I made the diagnosis of epithelioma (one form of cancer) of the vocal cords; he agreed, and after a time it was referred to Prof. Billroth, then the most distinguished surgeon of the General Hospital, for possible operation. This was eventually done by Professor Billroth after a series of experimental vivisections had been done on dogs by his assistants Czerny and Katholitsky. The larynges of the animals were exsected, but their lives were

temporarily, at least, spared, and their noisy raspy breathing could be heard at some distance from their quarters. This was in the spring of 1870. The operation, I believe, was the first of the kind ever undertaken on the human subject. I think this credit stands for Billroth, though von Bruns, McKenzie, and others performed it many times thereafter.

The spare hours after attendance on Hebra's and Schrotter's clinics were employed in attendance on other courses, lectures on the ear and eye, and those of Oppolzer and Skoda, for instance, on General Medicine. Who that has attended the lectures of those men can help remembering Skoda's generally unkempt appearance? The Court Physician was decidedly a democrat, his necktie always twisted round by his ear, giving him the appearance of a man who had been hanged and then cut down with the knot on his neck. Oppolzer, again, whose patient and thorough physical, mental, and other methods of eliciting a diagnosis were the slowest and most painstaking ever, careless in habiliment, though less so than Skoda, he too looked more like a bourgeois undertaker than anything else; but both logical and modest they seemed to care for nothing but diagnosis and a post-mortem, having either contempt for or no use for therapy. A correct diagnosis, followed by confirmatory section, was the important thing.

The nights, to which I have already drawn attention, took care of themselves. There was never lack of amusement, though even at this date I make the claim that I and most of us worked diligently by daylight. I took a course of operative surgery under Czerny, and formed more or less of an intimacy with him, which was later most pleasantly renewed at the International Meeting in London in 1881, where I met him in company with the younger Hebra, Hans, and Behring, a Berliner, and others. I also took courses with Jaeger, Gruber, Rokitansky, and many others. These, however, were more perfunctory and I could always lay off a lesson when anything special pressed or presented itself.

Who of the old gang, many of whom I have mentioned, does not remember the mid-day lunches or dinners at the Riedhof, a well-known restaurant or Keller in the street adjoining the hospital, and Johann, the good-natured and Briæreus-handed chief waiter. Verily, I think he could carry more beer glasses, steins, seitels, about him than any other living man,—and how quickly they were disposed of by the polyglot clamorous bands of students! To drink beer, much but, observe, not too quickly, was a thoroughly German accomplishment, and I may say it was fairly well copied by the aliens.

So the days went on. Each day brought its line; what the nights brought can be left to imagi-

nation. There were always dancing halls of all types, music, and good music, everywhere. Some may have spent the evenings and the nights in study, but to my mind few among the Auslanders.

XI

ITALY AND LAST DAYS IN VIENNA

THE autumn came and passed, the winter also, bringing about the same things with such variations as occasional ceremonials and processions, both State and Civic, which were carried out with great pomp and circumstance. There was a comparative rest from work and increased holiday excitement around Christmas and the New Year; then Eastertide approached. I had been somewhat restless for a change, was pecuniarily solvent, I had not been too extravagant (it was difficult from an American student point of view to be so), and it occurred to me that Italy was not far off, transportation cheap, and lodging and hotel fare not costly for the travelling student with his knapsack and big stick. Now once more for the Third Class train and a good pair of walking shoes!

I was not the only one to act upon a similar inclination or inspiration. Many of the other fellows went in pairs; but I have always found that I could make my way better alone, with the chance of picking up men, as happened now and

again, when desirable. So, toward the end of March, I was on my way through Steurmark or Styria, the adjoining province, to go through Istria which adjoined that and Trieste, planning to make Venice the end of my first lap. I went over the beautiful Sommering Pass by train. On the way down, I stopped at the little station in the morning to visit the celebrated subterranean grotto or cave of Adelsberg. It is but a little distance, a short ride or even a moderately short walk, from the side of the railway track. I found it very interesting. With its immense halls, corridors seemingly endless, pools requiring boats or punts to cross them, magnificent stalagmites and stalactites, it certainly rivals if it does not exceed the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The phenomenon is due to the same causes, the erosion and wasting away of the softer limestone elements.

A little incident occurred here which without being too tedious I may briefly relate, particularly as it added in a considerable degree thereafter to the pleasant memories of my Italian wandering. After the inspection in the two or three hours devoted to it, it was my good fortune to be of some assistance to a couple of fellow voyageurs, ladies, both of whom were from Warsaw, then Russian Poland. One of them was evidently about fifty and travelling in the rôle of companion or chaperone to a younger and titled lady, who, I should say, was in the early twenties.

I learned later that they travelled alone by preference as they were somewhat strong-minded and self-reliant and spoke besides their own language excellent French and German. They had engaged at the station a rough droschke or cart to take them to the entrance, and supposed they had settled on an arrangement for the fare there and back. The driver and his companion, both disagreeable and uncouth fellows, were of a different mind, and seeing their unescorted and manless state, would have insisted on gross extortion. Observing that there was trouble, I took part, and understanding the vernacular of that region better than the gentlewomen, intervened pretty decidedly on their account. I was not a little fellow, and the men from threats returned to reason, and the ladies were safely convoyed to the station. They thanked me profusely, and afterward confessed that a male adjuvant was sometimes useful. They went to their first class carriage, and I to my third, well satisfied. I saw them quite frequently afterward; one must do so in the churches, galleries, and palaces, if tourists have the same itinerary. These chance meetings were always pleasant, and what might be termed a travelling intimacy was established. Their status was a good one, the friends they met, notably at Naples later, were quite distinguished. My own status was no uncertain one, a student travelling for the wanderlust and probably a

170 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

gentleman. I certainly gave them no reason to think otherwise, so far as conduct went, and, as I say, I got quite to expect their turning up at different times. We would have a chat at the various cafés frequented by all, and the elder lady and I smoked many cigarettes together, and I visited them a time or two at their more elegant quarters.

Later on the same day that I met these new friends I caught another train, and proceeded through the same limestone formation down to Trieste. From there I took a night train, a Third Class Italian train,—the last time I did so. It was dirty and uncomfortable, not like the German or Austrian trains, and I had all the garlic aroma I needed for a few days. I reached Venice in the early morning, at sunrise, and went down the Grand Canal to a well known and comfortable Hotel in a convenient place near the Piazza of St. Mark, where I washed, rested, and invited my soul.

I did not find Venice the gayest place in the world,—wonderful, to be sure, interesting, to be surer, but it is not a sweet-scented city. I did the orthodox things, of course, but within two or three days thereafter was on my way to Florence, which I enjoyed very much more. I am not writing a guide book, but of the Galleries of the Uffizi, and the Tribuna, what can be said too much? Still, time was going on and Rome was

yet to be seen. Certainly I saw it, and saw it during one of the most favorable and wondrously interesting epochs in these later centuries at least. I have said it was Easter. I spent that week and more than another there. Pio Nono (or 9th) was then both Pope and King of the Papal State, and that high Hierarchical Conclave, the Ecumenical Council, was taking place. Every Cardinal of the Church (save one detained by grave illness) was present. Rome itself was crowded to suffocation, and almost the whole civilized world was attent. Among many important acts of this Council was the ratification of the Dogma of the Infallibility of the Holy Father and one relating to the Mother of Mary.

I attended the Mass held by the Pope in St. Peter's on Holy Thursday and saw the wonderful procession down the Nave which followed. He was borne in a palanquin, fanned by wonderful ostrich plumes, preceded by hierarchical and civic dignitaries, and escorted by the Guardia Nobile in their remarkable costume. This, by the way, gave the whole a touch of oriental pageantry. The Holy Father bestowed his blessing around and about with the three fingers lifted in orthodox fashion; then, they ascended up the Scala to the outside portico, where in front of the big square he bestowed the blessing on the City and the World ("Seqnum Urbis et Orbi"). I stood by the statue of Pius VII during the allocu-

tion, and the old gentleman's voice was as clear as a bell in a silence that could almost be felt.

The Marquis of Bute, a recent convert, then of immense wealth, and the crew of his yacht, which was lying off Civita Vecchia, at the mouth of the Tiber, were grouped around the same statue during the ceremony. It was a striking spectacle. While it was going on most of the Pope's little army knelt and presented arms in the central portion of the square.

The fireworks at night in the Piazza del Popolo, as viewed from the Pincian Hill, were to my mind more magnificent than any I have since seen. My enthusiasm may, however, have been due to the impression of the occasion.

I have said that Rome was crowded; the hotels were crammed, but good luck favored me and I got good quarters at a purely Italian Hostelry, the "Tre Re," situated just under the Capitol Hill, by the historic rock from which Tarpeia was thrown and buried under the shields of the successful conquerors of Rome. I was the only "Forastero" or foreigner living there. I made good friends with the cook, who seemed to be master of the situation there, by a simple act of politeness,—asked him to have a drink of good Monta Leone with me. I was an established favorite with him from that time, and when I returned in the evening from visiting the galleries, villas, churches, catacombs, and from long all day

rambles on the Appian Way, across the Campagna, or other excursions, there was always some choice dish of the country for me; for instance, macaroni cooked as it should be, and a stew of small birds, larks, snipe, or the like, poured thereon. We would renew the libation, and I believe no one in Rome lived better at that time at so little relative expense.

I met here also, and sometimes accompanied in their rambles, other men from Vienna; but they were not close chums and, as I have said before, ordinarily I was alone, or with a chance companion. Naturally, I here ran across, as I had already done in other places, the two Russian ladies and had also one other *rencontre*, a well known friend who had been executor of my uncle and guardian's estate, a distinguished Brooklynite, Judge Alexander McCue, who had a good deal to do with the secular and legal interests of the Church in and around Brooklyn and New York. I rather suspected that the Treasury of the Holy Father was somewhat benefited by his visit and, I may say, mission. I know, for he told me he had had a private audience, and, moreover, that as Pio Nono was fond of a good cigar, he had brought over a quantity made in Cuba expressly for His Holiness. He had some of them himself, and gave me a couple. They certainly were very perfect, as might be imagined, and I feel sure I enjoyed them as much as did the Pontiff.

One can't stay even in Rome forever; so, after having a good drink at the Trevi Fountain, and throwing my coin in to make sure of a return some time, I left for Naples, Second Class this time, and reached that beautiful and dirty city in the full flush of spring. Here, by Baedeker's advice, I found good and not too costly quarters, and here again I did the curriculum of the energetic tourist, the Museo and the sights of the city, wandering day and night through the busy streets, buzzing with life of all kinds.

I took the train to Castellammare, and walked from there to Sorrento on the sea wall. He who has not done that has missed one good thing in life. Naturally, I went up Vesuvius, peeped into the crater, and just got inside the edge of the windward side and out again as a puff of that deadly sulphurous vapor came eddying around. I ran down the ash heap slope of the Peak, towards Pompeii and, after regaining breath and able to go more slowly, continued walking on to that dead city. I saw it satisfactorily with the aid of my portion of a guide, and then took the train home from the gate to re-enter Naples,—a full day and a spoiled pair of walking shoes, cut by the sharp lava outcrop. (I had another pair in my knapsack, however.) Then a good meal and the expectation of something new and interesting on the morrow, and sleep.

The Russian ladies, again encountered, were

companions on the boat in an excursion to Capri and the Blue Grotto. There was a slight swell on the surface of the Bay, and they were a little seasick till reaching the island; a little attention on my part, and they were almost as grateful as on the first occasion of our meeting, and so acknowledged that night in the restaurant by the Palace overlooking the Mole, where over the coffee the elder lady and I had our cigarettes, and each of us our talks for several evenings thereafter. It was a pleasant place.

Naturally, although my purse was now showing some signs of fatigue, I bought a few mementoes in the shape of coral trifles and lava cameos, to give to those at home, and finding this the most economical route I determined to take the steamer to Genoa. On my way thither, however, I had my pocket picked of my package by some dexterous thief; so I had to go and renew, as it were, my purchases. That rendered my purse still thinner, and it was all I could do to get back to the Austrian frontier and my banker. I bought a partial second class ticket to Genoa, which gave me the liberty of the deck and my first class meals, but sent me at night to sleep in the forward cabin. I remember feeling it a little, too, for I had never before travelled save first class at sea.

By chance, on board, bound for the same port, was Ex-Collector Barney of New York with two

young and very pretty ladies, his nieces, I think, and very few others at that time. The weather was fine, the food was good, and even the rest, for I had used a pair of strong legs at that time pretty steadily, was enjoyed. On our way we picked up a motley crew at the port of Leghorn (Livorno); there were some galley slaves who were chained on deck around the foremast, with them their soldier guard, and in the forward cabin a crowd of employees and acrobats and their families belonging to a circus which was on the way by land to exhibit in Genoa. There had been a heavy though dry wind (the Transmontana) blowing all the last day, and as we got nearer Genoa there was a heavy roll. The light boat felt it badly and rolled so that it seemed as though it would capsize. The crockery tumbled smashing out of the racks; the women prayed and screamed. The men were too sick to do anything. I was about half the night picking up and tucking in babies that had been pitched out of the berths, and the condition of the floor and the air was indescribable. But morning came, and Genoa.

I had made up my mind to take the earliest train I could get for Verona, on my way back to Austria, but on the way up I had formed the acquaintance of a very fine fellow, a young English lawyer from London who had something to do legally with some new waterworks they were making in Naples. I had casually mentioned that

I was hurried and my funds at a low ebb. He offered to lend me money, which I refused, but did not decline his proffer of a good breakfast, which I shared with him and much enjoyed. After breakfast we left the city, he for London and I for Verona, where I arrived in a very short time. I had enough money left to see the town and visit the tomb (or horse trough) of Juliet, saw the house of the Capulets, and the well-preserved Arena, and was then off again to Trento, in Austrian territory, at last, where I could easily communicate with my friends and banker.

In this old town, center of the well known Trentino, I spent two impatient days in a decent hotel. I was almost penniless, virtually living on my face, so to speak, though confident of ultimate solvency, which soon came to pass. In the interim, I visited the old ecclesiastical building where several important church councils had been held long before, walked in the daytime around the interesting valley, and at night watched the white coated, fine-looking Austrian officers playing interminable billiards and other games. At last the remittance came, my bill was squared, and in a few hours I was in Vienna again back among friends and at work.

The city and surroundings were now more beautiful than in the fall or winter, and the old life and work and excursions on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays went on with greater enthusi-

asm than ever. One dramatic event occurred in my observation, which I have since seen mentioned in print in some American paper (an imperfect account, however) and which seems worth recording. The exact time of its occurrence I do not recall. I never dreamed of recording it then. I have spoken of the dances, especially the fancy dress dances that were so frequent, which were attended by the students and others in the city, at the "Sperl" and other places. Now I am not and never could be gifted with ability in that way; I could never co-ordinate my head and my heels; so with the merry crowd I occasionally had to play the male wallflower. I resolved to alter this, and made up my mind to learn to dance. I therefore betook me to a well known school, then known as Reisinger's, run by a person of that name, his wife, a competent and even for her age a sprightly matron, and their son, a well conducted and efficient youth, of say twenty-three or four years of age. They used to have a number of young girls of about the status of grisettes, to enliven the place and also to instruct. I got along indifferently well, the fact being, apparently owing to my make up, that when I could get along fairly well in one dance, say the waltz, on my promotion to another I straightway and incontinently forgot the first. I had taken quite a number of lessons, however, when this tragic and almost unbelievable event occurred.

The younger Reisinger was betrothed to a pretty young girl who held a position in the Opera foyer as temporary guardian of the vestments of the occupants of the boxes or other members of the audience. The elder Reisinger had something to do with the ballet of the theatre, and presumably had obtained this light position for her. She was pretty, and had attracted the attention of some of the young military men, would-be mashers of all kinds; but one young officer went further and became infatuated. She was as good as she was pretty, and warded off the somewhat intense advances of this young officer and nobleman. Of course, with the difference of station under the Hapsburg dynasty, such a thing as so-called honorable intentions were out of the question, not even to be considered. He, however, became so urgent and even insulting, that after refraining for a long time until his conduct had become unbearable, she revealed the state of things to her young lover. He was indignant, of course, took pains to be her escort and protector, and some stormy scenes followed, and at length came blows. The young officer was so infatuated that though, on account of their difference in station, a regular duel was impossible, another and more dangerous way was agreed upon. It was mutually agreed that from that time forth until some sequel came, each should wear constantly a glove upon his left hand,

the one being found without it by the other should forfeit his life by his own act. Now this seems most ridiculous, and even incredible, but I am giving the simple facts, which not only can I vouch for but which can be confirmed by examination of the newspaper files of Vienna at that time, under the title of "An Americanischen Duel." All things then strange and unusual were attributed to a trans-atlantic source; it was the idea or fashion of the time.

The terms were accepted by both, and lived up to. The young man did not tell his father or mother, and presumably not his sweetheart, of this code, but made in many ways his explanations for this extraordinary care of his left hand. The rivals often passed, scrutinizing each other. At last one day, young Reisinger, worn out by the repeated and insistent demands for explanation of his conduct, removed the glove and took his chances. As fate would have it, his luck was bad, and while in company with his family the other man saw him and pointed significantly to his own gloved hand. The boy, excusing himself under some pretense, left them, went to his home, lived the night but committed suicide the next day. My lesson was due that afternoon or evening. I went there and found them all weeping, and the reasons for the tragic act were told to me. It also appeared, as I have said, in the journals. It seems an incredible melodrama, but

the facts as I have given them are exact. A little journalistic notice, a little comment, such as "wie sowderbart" (how strange), and this ripple of metropolitan life was over. Temporarily, I took no more dancing lessons.

It is pitiful at this writing to think of the present state of the once gay capital, shorn as it is of its pre-eminence, of its distinction, by the political complication of this time, deprived of its éclat as the best of the southern capitals of Europe by the extinction of the Hapsburg dynasty, and the loss of pomp and circumstance consequent upon that change. It saddens one who took his delight and instruction there to see how the mighty and gracious city has declined. The careless (superficially so, at least), happy-go-lucky, gay populace must have changed indeed, and many of us old students can but have feelings of regret, our joyous memories changed to sad reminiscences. At that time, '69 or '70, everything that appertained to the North of Germany, dominated by Prussia, was disliked, almost hated, not alone by Austrians but by their dependencies Bohemia and Hungary, by the Bavarians, and by about all the southern German-speaking nations. It speaks volumes for the astute and well-planned Hohenzollern propaganda, to have achieved such results, to have seen and to have had the ability to construct anything that could be imagined as a pos-

sible bond between it and the races mentioned. The scheme of world domination must have been planned during the following half century. I remember that many Bavarian military men whom I had occasion to meet during the war of 1870-71 told me that they would much rather be fighting the Prussians than the French.

But I must not deal with political disquisitions. It is not my forte, nor is this the place. I must, as the French say, "*revenir a mes moutons.*" I still have to speak of the old and beloved Kaiserstadt.

The two most cherished associates of my year in Wien were Doctors Karl Rokitansky and Hans von Riedel. Both had distinguished careers in after times, the latter remarkably so. Rokitansky was given the obstetric Professorship in a Tyrol University, and died after a few years of service there. We three corresponded for some time. Riedel lived for a long time (I believe he died only recently) gathering honors for important and historic services in his appointed direction. At Vienna he was the First Assistant of Professor Spaeth, who had the office of Chief of one of the two obstetric divisions at the University, an immense service. He was also the obstetrician of the Imperial Family and to a large extent of the Grand Ducal elements thereof. His services were also in demand in case of need among other royalties or semi-royalties in adjoining countries.

Consequently, a year or so after my leaving Vienna, he was requested to serve as accoucheur to Queen Natalie of Serbia, spouse of the well-known (notorious, I may say) Milan. As it happened, Professor Spaeth was suffering from a bad attack of gout, at that time, and who so fit and proper to send as his First Assistant, my friend Riedel. The infant was afterward young King Alexander of Serbia who, together with his wife Dagra, formerly a lady in waiting to Natalie, was so barbarously murdered in the palace of Belgrade during the Serbian Revolution in, I think, the first year of his reign. Dr. Riedel must have filled his duties satisfactorily, for the next communication I had from him informed me that he had been installed officially in like duties in one or more of the Grand Ducal families, and when the marriage of the King of Spain, Alfonso, took place with Christina, daughter of one of the Grand Dukes, he accompanied the Queen and was installed as Court Physician at Madrid. We had corresponded at more or less short intervals since parting in Vienna. I still have a number of his letters (written partly in German, partly in French and English), and among them a number of photos, a larger one of him from Madrid taken during his incumbency. He presided at all the accouchements of Queen Christina, and the present ruler, Alfonso, is one of his babies. Moved by a desire to see him, I went to Madrid in 1881.

It was during the hot season and he was absent in La Granja, one of the Royal summer abodes, a good distance off in the Guadarama mountains; so we did not meet.

Our friendship at the time of my stay in Wien was a very intimate one, and as he had his quarters in the big Quadrangle of the Hospital in which his Klinik was established, I was allowed entrance night and day, a privilege accorded to but few. To the Spaeth Division was relegated the training of those going up for the Hebamme degree, a position rather understated by the term midwife, for they had about all the professional duties, except the operative, appertaining to that part of obstetrics. Now as the younger women students of that branch were somewhat frivolously behaved young people occasionally, I consider that that permission spoke well for my discretion. I sometimes spent the night with him, especially when grave necessary operations were in question, and even assisted occasionally both Spaeth and himself.

On one occasion, with full intent, I spent approximately a whole twenty-four hours in the precincts, to get a record, as it were. There were fourteen births that day,—as I remember, rather more than an average day. The number of births in the two divisions was usually in the neighborhood of seven thousand annually. I remember clearly one incident which was laughable, though

it might possibly have been of a serious nature had it not been stopped in time. The parturient mother was a Galician or Bohemian Jewess,—the women came thither from all parts of the Empire. Now in certain crises a Doctor can officiate as a priest, when the death of born or unborn infant is imminent, or believed to be so. Such was the case here. Believing I had instruction to do so, I made the motion to go to the holy water vessel. I believe I had already taken the first steps when my Hebrew patient remonstrated in speech unintelligible to me but in a manner and action not to be mistaken. A religious or possibly even a state complication was thus avoided.

Another and fearfully sad and terrible drama came under my observation in the late winter or spring, nothing less than the terrible epidemic of puerperal fever (named puerperal peritonitis), contagious or infectious or both, that swept the wards of both divisions and caused a great number of deaths, I am afraid to say how many. The records of cases in the obstetrical division at that time would look almost like a necrological one today. The buildings were old, the floors were of wood with wide cracks (none of the exquisite enamelling and plaster of present day lying-in institutions), and the trouble spread like wildfire. True, soap and water, and detergents and carbolic acid were used plentifully enough, but to little avail,—at any rate, for a good while.

Old Scheitauer, Rokitansky's prosector mentioned before, was a busy man those days, and his post-mortems were pretty hasty and somewhat perfunctory in this veritable plague: "Eiter Heerden hier, Eiter Heerden da, Eiter Heerden uber all in den organen." (Pus deposits here, pus deposits there, in all and every organ.) Consequent "puerperal peritonitis" was his monotonous verdict on the cadavers of the poor unfortunate women. It was tragic beyond words.

The contagious and infectious character of this scourge of the puerperal woman was first made clear by Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1839; afterward, more persistently and insistently, by Semelweiss in the years 1847 to 1860. At first ridiculed, their opinions have since been ratified and accepted by the whole medical and surgical world. Semelweiss at the time of his first writing (1847) was Clinical Assistant to the Professor of Obstetrics in the same Klinik in Vienna.

The summer of 1870 was now well on, and the time had come for saying farewell to the dear old city, which I have seen only once since, and that only for a hurried thirty-six hours on my way to Buda-Pesth many years later. The vacation time for colleges and students everywhere was now drawing near. I had always intended to visit and remain for a month or two in Paris and London for study of the clinics there. My knowledge

of the French language was pretty fair, and I promised myself some good hours in Dermatology at least, in the Clinics of Hardy, Bazin, Fournier, and others. But first, and to my mind best of all, I was set on making an extended pedestrian tour through the "Salzkammer Gut," that picturesque Imperial demesne, from there through the upper part of Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol and Switzerland, going always toward Geneva, whither I despatched my trunk containing mostly books and medical instruments. The rest of my wardrobe I bestowed in a good knapsack weighing altogether not more than twelve or fifteen pounds; that, and a big stick, and I was ready. One more set of regretful adieus to my numerous and good friends—not all masculine—in the early days of July, and I was off.

XII

A WALKING TRIP IN THE TYROL

I STARTED on my trip in a small but commodious steamboat up the Danube, bound for Linz, the capital of the Province of Upper Austria. For those who do not know, it may be noted that the Danube in its entirety does not flow through the city; the main stream is away, say two miles or more, to the eastward, a sort of canal intersecting the city and joining the main stream some distance below. Going up, one gets into the main channel at or about the Abbey of Koster-Neuberg, a magnificent building a few miles distant. (This place, by the way, had been another favorite jaunt for Sundays and half holidays.) The river as viewed from the boat going upstream was interesting on both sides, full of small islands and somewhat resembling the Rhine at Coblenz, but with clearer water that seemed sometimes to be tinged with blue; and the high and rocky banks, as on the Rhine, were studded with ruins of old fortresses and robber nests. One of such, for instance, is the "Durrenstein" where Richard Cœur de Lion was for some time confined by Duke Leopold of Austria.

A WALKING TRIP IN THE TYROL 189

The trip was most enjoyable. I arrived at Linz, a town of moderate size, spent a night there, and set out again the next morning, taking a train for a short distance, then walking to Gmunden on the Traun See, a delectable sheet of water just at the commencement of the Salzkammer Gut, which is in fact the beginning of the Austrian Tyrol, the Hill Country. Then to my steady tramp, and how good it seemed! I think the ensuing seven weeks, or thereabout, were as near a perfect life as could be imagined. I knew that work for a livelihood and wearisome waiting attended me before long (though I did not at the time realize how much of it), but here I was, something over twenty-seven years of age, with strong legs and body and good wind, and one of the most picturesque regions of Europe before me to enjoy. My daily expenses were moderate, and I possessed a good appetite for any decent food, and an equally good digestion; I could almost have enjoyed a bottle of blue ink and a keg of nails.

I had no positive itinerary, but used to cover about twenty-five miles on an average day; I often exceeded this, and seldom or never knew what might be called fatigue. So down I wandered by the beautiful Trann Lake toward Ischl (which I did not visit), along the roads, all good, often taking side and short or other cuts which were better, down by St. Wolfgang See

and other small lakes bearing toward Salzburg. At St. Wolfgang See I met another Wiener colleague, one from the United States, named Todd, of St. Louis, a rather quiet, earnest student. We went up the Schafsburg together, and enjoyed the beautiful and extended view from the summit, where there is a small, but fairly good hotel. The Austrians compare the panorama with that of the Rhigi, but they naturally have a little prejudice for its claims. Todd had preceded Dr. A. B. Bronson of New York in his Vienna quarters, and Dr. Bronson has often told me that his landlady used to refer to her former lodger (Todd) as the American Herr with the "Schreckliche name von Tod," the horrible name of death. When we parted at St. Gilgen, Todd went on to the König See, and I continued on my way to Salzburg, where I arrived in about a day's march. I remember marveling at its beautiful situation, just at the beginning of that big, ever narrowing furrow which leads by Innsbruck and Botzen, to the Brenner Pass, the favorite point of entrance into Italy. I spent the regulation day or more here, going up to the fortress which stands on a high rock in the centre of the city, and dominates it. In the Middle Ages some rulers were Princes as well as Prelates, and had combined thoroughly the various vices and virtues appertaining to each, if I may judge from the traditions I heard that day.

A WALKING TRIP IN THE TYROL 191

I had never been to Munich, and it seemed a pity not to do it now while so near. Accordingly, Bummel Zug again, Third Class, and I was soon there. I stayed only a day or two, as I could spare no more time, saw the "Glypto" and all the other "tecks," went to the Hofbrau Keller as a matter of course, and took some beer like a man, a thirsty man, in the orthodox manner. It was good beer, almost every one knows how good, and I certainly suffered no harm thereby.

And now for graver things for a while. For months there had been diplomatic growlings and altercations between France and Prussia, which culminated in a mutual declaration of war, about the middle of July, 1870. After some hesitation, the Bavarian Government threw in its lot with North Germany. At the time I was in Munich, war had been declared for a few days. The population did not go into spasms or hysterics in any way. A decided gravity seemed to be the prevailing spirit, though the city was gayer than usual in appearance because of the uniforms, always plentiful but now the prevailing rule, regiments being formed, and regiments marching to musical accompaniment. There was reason to be serious, for Munich was very much nearer the frontier than Berlin, and if the French, even at first only, should be victorious, who could say? Besides, I think the Bavarians did not enjoy the sense of their defeat in 1866 when allied with

Austria; certainly they did not love the Prussians.

All this did not directly affect me or my plans at the time. I resolved to carry out my original intention and under any circumstances make my way in some manner to Geneva, the destination I had planned. Consequently, after about forty-eight hours, I boarded a train for a short distance, as usual, to get out of the city. Then I alighted and went on through the Bavarian hills toward Oberammergau, which I meant to make the first objective point on my way toward Switzerland. I passed on foot through the small towns and hamlets, and saw the territory which had been so fought over in the Thirty and Seven Years' Wars. I was constantly reminded of Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, and Wallenstein. Along the roads I followed were many partly ruined and rebuilt churches, monasteries, and fortresses; I reached that narrow valley or "gau" in due course, but was just too late to witness the Passion Play. Still, it was interesting to see the people, the scene, the theatre, and the immense Cross planted high up on the opposite side of that narrow high-walled-in secluded valley. Almost all the male actors in this drama had been called on for military duty in some capacity, Simon Peter, naturally an old man, being about the only one remaining. The individual who represented the Saviour in the drama was in hospital service

A WALKING TRIP IN THE TYROL 193

and by special permission had been allowed to retain his beard.

I went down by the side of the little brook, the "Ammer," which gives its name to the valley, and followed the interesting path which went in the general direction I had to take. Finding my way from there with the help of Baedeker, along the least frequented roads or even paths, I avoided the tamer highroads and every now and then found myself in the most sequestered nooks and hamlets.

My knowledge of the patois or vernacular now stood me in good stead. I was always cordially greeted as an *Auslander* and moreover as an American who could speak their provincial dialect. I spent a number of pleasant evenings in the small Gast or Wirthshauser in company with the village school teacher or Superintendent (*Schultheiss*), or with the priest or one of the upper foresters, perhaps sometimes with them all together, smoking, drinking a little good beer, or even on occasion, better still wine that the host had unearthed; and listening as well to the girls outside on the open verandahs of the Chalets, as they played their zithers, or sang their "Ländlers" and jodeled,—the surroundings being sometimes operatic. It was certainly a fine thing to do once, at any rate.

A marked feature about the less frequented paths and the narrow highroads was the number

of small shrines erected by the pious relatives or others at the sites of turnings or elbows, dangerous and narrow, frequently the site of accidents, often where a timber truck or other conveyance had fallen causing fatal results, or perhaps the scene of crimes. A picture, ordinarily without much perspective (the work of local talent, evidently) was placed below; the custom was to paint a red dagger on the part of the body where injuries had been inflicted; sometimes even the character of the lesion was indicated. Generally also, passers-by were exhorted in print or script to offer up a short prayer for the deceased. All this seemed very quaint indeed to me then. This was over sixty years ago, and many of these things may have been "improved" away out of existence.

Lindau, the little port on the Lake of Constance or "Boden See," was to end the Bavarian Tyrol for me. I duly reached the pleasant little City of Constance, on its semi-peninsula stretching into the lake. It was a fairly long walk to Schaffhausen and the falls of the Rhine, just at the point where it makes its exit from the Lake itself and begins to think about going into Germany; and so on to Zurich.

Next morning, leaving by the boat, I took what was perhaps my longest walk in Switzerland, though not the most fatiguing one by any means,—about thirty-five miles. I left the boat

at Horgen, a little landing a few miles down the Lake, and set off across the foot hills in the direction of the little Lake and town of Zug, toward the Rhigi. I arrived there about noon, had a good lunch of bread and good beer and Emmenthaler Käse. In the afternoon I skirted that little sheet of water so connected with the history, or tradition, of William Tell's days and, reaching the slopes of Rhigi and the village Arth, commenced the ascent of that small but interesting mountain towards the shades of evening. It is not more than sixty-five hundred feet in altitude, but has an extended and charming view when not wrapped in cloud or mist.

I strode along stoutly and at fair speed toward the summit, importuned on the way here and there by self-styled or real guides, one or two of whom told me that the weather was probably changing, though it was fine at the time. As the road was a well-travelled clear track, almost or entirely fit for vehicles, I did not see any necessity for a guide; but on getting near the summit, sure enough, fog and occasional slight rain or drifting snow flurries set in.

I pressed on, however, until I came nearly to the apex, high above the sea level in a sort of moorland, where I ventured on what appeared to me to be a decided short cut in the direction of the hotel (the Rhigi Culm), obscured by mist and driven sleet. I went on for quite a while,

say something less than half an hour. As it was nearly dark by this time the path became less clear. I found the tracks of the hob-nailed shoes of a man who had evidently come from somewhere and was going in the opposite direction from myself, from a dwelling naturally, and what so probable as from the hotel itself, which could not be any great distance away. The shoe marks were imprinted in some places where the light fallen drifted snow was still unmelted. I kept the track, and after another ten minutes, when I had almost determined to retrace my steps if I could, the mist cleared, blown away of a sudden, and the hotel with all its lights blazed forth a short distance away. I ought to have stuck to the main road or path, for the turf is slippery and was not improved by the sleet, and chances to drop off on some of the ledges below were far from remote.

Anyhow, I arrived, had a good drink of Kirschwasser, used up another in wiping my feet afterward; it was my habit to do so with that or some other alcoholic liquor after long marches; I had my supper by a warm fire, and heard it said by several around that they had been there for days, some of them for nearly a week, waiting for a clear sunrise, to view that luminary's appearance over the Bernese Oberland. It was well worth looking at, too, on the next crisp, cool morning. Luck favored me, that being the

first absolutely clear dawn for a number of days. I returned to breakfast shivering but uplifted.

The next thing was to go down the mountain on another flank, cross the Lake of Lucerne and get to the city itself. The first of those funiculars now so common not only in Switzerland but in all countries was then being constructed up the Rhigi to and from Vitznau, and was nearly finished. We, for I had three or four pedestrian companions on my descent, walked down, of course, and to make a short cut took the railway track, thinking it more direct. After following it for a while we were halted, for the scaffolding or primary structure of the road went over quite a chasm. One or two of our party turned back for the main road again. Two of us, however, sat down and shuffled our way across the temporary structure to the other side by a straddle. That was a good many years ago and it was a giddy sort of thing, but my nerve was better then than it has been since.

Arrived at the village we found the hump-backed-looking locomotive apparatus, cog-wheeled, I believe, that was being prepared to climb the mountain, and also the little steamboat that took us across the Lake of the Four Cantons to Luzerne.

While on my tramp again, after a short interlude, up the Emmenthaler Valley, by the flank of Mons Pilatus toward Berne, I was

caught in a thunder shower and was fain to take shelter in the small house of a farmer or cheeseman. I spent the night there, lying on hay on cheese foundations, and carried a distinctly caseous flavor in and about me for a day or so thereafter. I reached Berne (the Bear City) and really found it as interesting as any in Switzerland, not excepting even Geneva. I did not, however, dally there, but set off for the Thun Lake to go of course to Interlaken and observe the Jungfrau, that beautiful army of mountains, at a nearer distance. I reached there without mishap, but while crossing the lake toward Interlaken, on board the boat I fell in with a young man, a sprig of the lesser German Nobility, Saxon as I remember. We fell naturally to discussing walking in general, routes, and ways and means in particular. Presently in a most unobtrusive way, another person, respectable looking, and evidently a native of the district, joined in our conversation. We soon saw that he was better posted than we on Swiss happenings and on foot wanderings in the hills; he turned out to be a well-known guide of the region, living at Lauterbrunnen, who had been attached to Tyn-dall's party when that eminent scientist was living in the Alps, climbing and investigating scientific phenomena such as the glacier flow. This good fellow's name was Frederick v. Allmen.

The Baron and I had been discussing what

seemed to us a matter of convenience and some importance. It was in brief this: was there any way, or any satisfactory way, of crossing over from Lauterbrunnen, situated at the foot of the Jungfrau, to the foot of the Gemmi pass on this side, which would save us the repetition of our present journey?

In the person of Frederick we had struck the right authority. We could, he said, go over the western portion of ice called there by the generic term of the Aletsch (more distinctively, the Kandersteg and Tschingel Glaciers) to the hotel at the foot of the pass; and while it was a *tuchtigen marsch*, a tough pull, still we could do it with a reasonable amount of fatigue, and with only a modicum of danger, especially in a company of three or more.

Full of the notion we agreed then and there to meet him on or about the following noon; it was then early morning, plenty of time to "do" Interlaken, yes, even to go up the Lake of Brienz that evening, and see the illumination of the Giessbach Cascade.

Can I say anything of the Jungfrau that has not before been better said? I know well enough that there are mountains more than twice as high; still, her thirteen thousand feet do not rise from a gigantic plateau as do so many of her superiors in height. As she is nearer the sea level, her positive dimensions, as I may say, are

increased. I had seen a good deal of the Rockies when I was in Colorado in 1863; in comparison they are, at least some of them, of equal height, but standing on that high plateau of nearly six thousand feet, they consequently are less imposing. Pike's Peak, for instance, is very little higher than the Rhigi, if the elevation from the tableland is taken into account. The snow level too is very much lower in Switzerland. The Jungfrau is a queenly figure, and few mountains I think have so beautiful a setting. The dark green of the *Tannenbaume* of the foot hills, with a full moon on all, as I saw her that night, she is still a vision to be remembered with keenest pleasure.

In the jostling crowds on the one street of Interlaken I could distinguish the American from his English and German fellow tourists, by the thinner frames and greater delicacy of feature. This was fifty years ago, and possibly the contrast is not now so great, but I think the citizens and citizenesses of the U. S. A. will never have the florid, somewhat too florid complexions of the Germans. However, the then apparent relative fibre and muscle superiority of both Germans and English are now things of the past. The young people of this country, students included, I might almost say students especially, while not so beefy in appearance, I fancy can better than hold their own in any

physical test, thanks to the better physical culture of this last generation. In those days the American student type was far from sturdy.

I am inclined to think that now they can give the dare to the world, or in the words of the leader of the dock urchins who were engaged in diving into the water at a sewer's mouth, "They kin dive down deeper, stay down longer, and come up nastier than any other fellows."

XIII

THE ALETSCHE GLACIER

NEXT morning after a good breakfast at my hotel, I took a leisurely walk up to Lauterbrunnen and went to the little Wierthshaus where I had agreed to meet my friends about noon. No one there; soon the guide appeared; but no Herr Baron. While waiting for him, we took the little walk and stood under the Staubbach, which misted gently down from an immense height. Then we went back and about two o'clock had a good dinner with a bottle of beer. Dinner over, and still no Herr Baron. Three P.M.—what was to be done? Was it a flunk, or mischance on his part? I never knew.

We finally decided to go ahead with our plan, and began preparations; for it was thought better to make some of the distance that night, in view of a probable fifteen hour "*tuchtiger marsch*." My boots, stout ones enough, were taken to a shoemaker near by to be roughened and spiked, and I was furnished with an Alpenstock not like the ordinary broomhandle things bought and brought home by young ladies, but

one warranted to carry weight. Almost four o'clock, one more fruitless look around for the Herr Baron, and we were off. According to the plan of Allmen we took the little path for Trachsellaunen Alm, into the cool depth and relative darkness of the woods on the right side of the tremendous cañon. Mürren, one of the highest inhabited villages of Europe, was high above us (inaccessible then from our side).

My guide was a good representative of his class, calm, decent, ever courteous, not at all loquacious, but always ready to give full and complete answer to any question or, if necessary, information without one. He was not a big fellow, perhaps five foot eight inches in height, "pony built," no excess of flesh, but what there was of it good and in the right place,—evidently a man "to tie to." On we trudged, for the most part in silence, meeting nothing to disturb us or engage our attention except a few small thicket birds now and then. The path ascended for the most part, and a stream rushed down by our side, the bed of which showed that it had all the capabilities of a torrent in the spring freshets. The stream was crossed occasionally by stout rough wooden bridges. Every now and then we heard a crack not over-loud on the other side of the valley, that of the Jungfrau, a rattle, a rumble and a roar; now and then as the woods became more open one could see the smoke-like vapor

in the distance,—the mist of finely ground up snow, a fleck, or tuft from the ermine cloak of the White Virgin. A mass of snow, ice, and rubble rock, ten tons, hundreds of tons, anything you like, had fallen, and the degradation of the Virgin was going on, a degradation that would go on for scores or hundreds of centuries. With Frederick it was always “Noch eine Lawine Herr,” only another avalanche. These were caused by the afternoon sun, which shone fully and warmly on the face of the mountain.

After about an hour and a half of this, as the road grew rougher and rougher, we came to a decided Mesa, or plateau, where we heard the occasional tinkling of a cowbell, and voices jodelling or calling. Trachsellaunen at last, the Alm Alps or mountain meadow where the cattle are either driven or if necessary hoisted for the summer months. Here a number of young women and some few mature men are occupied with their care and the making of cheese and butter. The late autumn or the approach of winter sends them back to their homes again in the lower valleys. These individuals are called Senner and Sennerinnen, Senne being the term in the dialect for a herd of cattle. A good deal of poetry and prose has been written about them and their occupation, some sentimental and a good deal in fun (for the latter see the “Fliegende Blätter”). The Sennerinnen certainly should be

good (I believe them fully to be that, and honest and good natured too), for they are certainly not handsome. Their dress for the most part was "continuations," as the lower covering of male attire has been called by Yankee purists, with a shortish skirt above and a blouse-like garment for the upper part of the body. In Tennyson's "Princess" a graphic pen picture is given of such women—

"Daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
and labor."

They gave us the best they had, the prettiest can do no more, and did not gouge us in the money payment; our beds were rough sheets, on what smelt and looked like hay (the Irish feather). One can always get a little aroma of Schweitzerkäse and sour milk around a Senner Alm. (I believe that if the youth in Excelsior had gone that way, and had been addressed by one of those Senner virgins, he would certainly have responded with a sniff and not a sigh, so general was the prevailing odor of sour milk and butyric acid decomposition.) But sleep comes easy to a walking man, and we slept well, till the cold shivery morning came. Then, about four o'clock, it was "Auf, Herr, jetzt gehen wir," "Up, Mister, we must be off." Breakfast, how I should have liked a good breakfast then,

at a good Bavarian Tyrol Inn,—trout, eggs, good coffee, and “fixings.” What we got was eggs that had been boiled the night before, a good hunk of bread and cheese, a half pint of wine that may have been good but certainly was sour, and off we were. Dark it was too; the faintest crepuscular glow could be seen, or rather imagined, over the ghost-like mountain hanging over us, or was it indeed only the reflection from the snow itself? Up we went and down again, across a small cañon and up again, now it was a climb still, not difficult, only laborious. I could see occasionally Frederick taking stock as it were of myself, and things generally; he seemed after a time to be satisfied and even for a time became talkative—for him.

The pass or cañon gradually grew more rugged and much narrower, the acclivities more pronounced, and as it usually appears to the novice, I thought we were doing some useless climbing, everything seeming to be easy enough straight ahead, but on getting a hundred feet or so higher, I would find that Frederick knew his business and that any other path would eventually have led to a *cul de sac*, or else a place it would take a chamois to jump across.

Something like an hour and a half this had occupied, the time six o'clock or somewhat later, and daylight was still unillumed by the sun. There were still five or six thousand feet of snow-

clad rock between us and the rising sun which painted the mountain tops (or rather those of the Jungfrau, for we were so pent up in the narrow valley that they were about all we could see, except down towards Brienz and the Joch) "Dun and saffron, robed and splendid," and as many other brilliant tints as you would please to name. "Famos," said Frederick, partly to the scenery, and as I believe partly to myself; I appropriated part of the expression and it emboldened me to ask if I could not stop a while and have a smoke; yes, I could, yes, I did, but only a short one, as he suggested tactfully that the Herr would have better time, and occasion, up above there.

Now what was above there? Something like the escarpment of Niagara Falls without the water, is about as apt a picture as at this memory I can give. At one side of us and farther down to the left was a big cataract, the noise of which was as patent to one sense, as the vapor cloud coming up was to the other, then there were rifts and projections in this wall of rock that faced us, one of which we had to take. And he knew which. My pipe finished, we started and perhaps twenty minutes accomplished it. But they were the first twenty minutes I had ever done of any good rock climbing; I remember them as the hardest part of the day, and probably the climb was as hazardous as any we en-

countered. I remember one particular angle we had to go around that was not pleasant; there was a tidy drop of a hundred feet or so, and mighty poor foot or hand hold; but a glance at my kindly leader, and an occasional "Famos" did wonders for my nerve. I suppose an experienced chamois or an experienced mountaineer for that matter, would have considered the thing "dead easy," but just then it didn't seem so to me.

At last we were on top at about six-thirty, and at the foot of the glacier, the snow lying before us in the direction we were to tread, seemingly illimitable. As far as we could see there was only snow, till the crest was reached some miles off; and how much more beyond? At this point I thought Allmen had suddenly lost his reason, but he was merely giving vent to a mountain hallo and pointing excitedly to a couple of animals, apparently no larger than rabbits, which were skipping along a neighboring boulder-heaped moraine at a prodigious rate. "Sieh dort, Herr, die Gemse!"—Look, Sir, Chamois! For at least a minute they went hopping along till they reached a convenient side cleft and disappeared. I felt that I had not lived in vain; I had seen what so few visitors to Switzerland ever see, a chamois on his native heath, as it were.

Below us was the rugged valley, wooded in part. We ourselves were above the timber line with certainly six hours of snow before us,

perhaps eight. We had only to make final preparations before starting the snow climb. These consisted first of the arrangement of the rope which I had beheld looped on Allmen's back as he trotted along before me in our journey up the valley. To one American in education it had been a discouraging sight and it gave to our outing something of the grimness of a private lynching-bee. My mind was not made easy when, having tied it firmly around his own waist, he did the same by me, at a point just below the ribs and above the waist. This gave us about a twenty foot slack between. After I had put on a pair of smoke-colored spectacles he had thoughtfully provided, and tied my trousers tightly round my boots, we were ready. We took our second breakfast, if a rough sandwich and a hearty swig of the same sour wine may be called one, and then definitely began the crackle and crunch over the icy edge of the seemingly endless mass of ice and snow. It was easy work at first, as the snow was solid; though this was August it had frozen over night. The day so far was calm and splendid; above us were the icy peaks of the mountains already named, to the right and perhaps miles farther on the ragged red spurs of the Blumlis Alp stood up from the snow like the pipes of an organ; directly above or a little to the left were the three noble turrets of the Jungfrau; and dominating us by about

two thousand feet the Breithorn, directly in our path as it seemed.

On, on, the same old crunch, and not a "Famos" from Frederich. I thought we were doing pretty well, but something was the matter with my wind. I did not usually puff and blow in this manner at the moderate pace we were going, but a minute's thought settled my quandary. While seven thousand feet in altitude is no great matter, a novice had better not attempt to make a running record in that thinner air, and we had to get up another three thousand feet before the down hill came. Shove back the shoulder straps of my knapsack as I would, my respiration became more puffy, and what was annoying in some degree, Frederich seemed to mind it not at all, but was looking always onward and upward and not at me. I discovered his reason for looking upward so much three or four hours later, when we had reached the top of the arrête or divide, and were well towards the valley; the weather was entirely too fine, a storm was breeding and he had felt it coming. It struck us before we reached Kandersteg and wet us to the skin. There is no fun in a "tourmente" in the upper Alps.

The same plod, plod, continued, Frederich always stopping when I asked him the name of this or that crest, as before always courteous and pleasant, but evidently on business not admitting

of delay. Now and then, stop I had to, and lie down and pant, at first only about every quarter of a mile, finally at something like every furlong. The snow became softer and softer with the warm day; nine, ten, eleven o'clock came; we were making good progress, and stopped for a survey of the climb we had made. Nothing to be seen save snow and cliffs and icy pinnacles; we were two very small ants or beetles, crawling over this immensity; the peaks of the Jungfrau well to our left were behind us now. The Silberhorn, our nearest neighbor of that group of peaks, was still more dazzling in its icy sheath at that distance than it appears below. To our left, directly opposite across perhaps two miles of ice, was the ragged rampartlike Blumlis Alp; in front or a little to the side the Breithorn, no longer much above us but more rounded, like a mere lump in that desolate white table-land. To the north, the Schreckhorn, to the east the Aletsch Peak. There was no living creature near, and we were about a mile and a half high in the sky, above the flight of any birds except possibly a wide winged Lammergeyer. Indeed, but what was this little thing fluttering so near us across the waste of ice? A butterfly, coming from the direction of the Blumlis Alps,—the only living thing in that waste but ourselves! Psyche is represented by a butterfly; was it the spirit of some poor fellow entombed in the ice? I did not ask

Allmen this question, but I wondered as it fluttered purposelessly by.

When we went on we struck more difficult ground or ice. Crevasses were now pretty numerous, some of them nasty looking. As we drew nearer the steep *arrête* the cracks in the ice flow were more numerous. A swirl of snow like that which forms on cornices, covered openings the blue sides of which might go down ten or ten hundred feet. Often they were too near for comfort, and Frederick was always prodding, prodding away with the point of his alpenstock as we coasted them at a moderate but respectful distance, hunting for lateral clefts, which we hoped not to find, and which we occasionally happened upon, to my disgust and certainly danger. I remember especially two rather narrow escapes, though I do not know the exact amount of the hazard. One crack was not more than two and a half steps across; he had sounded the ice bridge with his alpenstock, uncovered it partially from the snow, with the axe attached; had gone across, and stood waiting for me, the loop of the rope gathered up in his hand, a little slack from there to his waist, and stock firmly braced. He had turned, fortunately without loosing his hand from its position on the rope, as I had apparently reached the other side in safety, when my foot, or the ice, or snow beneath it, gave way slowly, but going, going! What was

the character of the exclamation I gave at the time I do not now remember, but what I certainly do, with gratitude, was the tug that brought me out, my shoulders ploughing a furrow in the soft snow. Afterwards I rendered a similar service to him when he went a little too far in sounding one of the places. After this we became gradually more like an elder and younger brother to each other, and his occasional "Du" was pleasant to hear.

At half past twelve, we were nearly at the top of the divide. The sun, which had got over somewhat to the western side had been bothering us less, and was taking on a dull misty look; some stratified and ugly clouds were in the near distance, but as the tug of the day was over, the southern face being relatively easy and down grade, we sat down for another meal and a pipe. We munched rye bread and the egg or two remaining, then each took a big swig at the bottle of sour wine which finished it. That bottle may now be many hundreds of feet down entombed in the ever sinking glacier strata, or may be by this time ground up dust which has floated down the Kanderbach.

It was pleasant to get up again refreshed, get over the next quarter of a mile to the very summit of the divide, stand there for a space to take a last full look at the frowning giants all around the horizon, and then start down the icy slope.

By this time the snow had hardened on account of the veiling of the sun by the piled up clouds, so that walking became a pleasure once more instead of a panting toil. So down and yet farther down to the other one of the terminal moraines of the Aletsch, the one debouching on the little valley of the Kander. Just by the top of the face of this glacier was still standing at this time the hut in which Tyndall lived for some time while he gathered together scientific data. It looked then as if it would soon tumble over into the chasm below, I doubt not it has disappeared long ago.

The descent of the big Kandersteg moraine made me wish for the next half-hour that I could be a chamois so that I might take it as the two we had seen on the other side of the ice field. For a tired man it was somewhat ugly walking, no danger, but a succession of slips and slides and jumps on and over boulders that varied in size from that of an ordinary dwelling, to lumps about as big as a barrel. At length we reached soft and pleasant earth again in the pelting and cold rain, which had begun just before reaching the glacier face. The downpour, together with the glacier flow, made the little Kander brook foam furiously along on the down grade and gave a hint of the reason of the high water washed banks that seemed so inappropriate to its size then. Through the pines we passed on to the

hardwoods, and reached finally about four o'clock that comfortable hostelry The Bär, which stands at the foot of the Gemmi Pass. After a bath and a change of socks (I could change nothing else), I dried my coat as well as I could, and ordered a kirsch and milk for my stomach's sake, a kirsch plain for my feet. A pleasant almost affectionate parting with Frederich, who was going on to some friends down the Kander Valley two miles away, left me with the prospect of a good dinner and one of my pleasantest memories.

From my day's experience, I drew one moral, that one should not go, as the animals came out of the ark, by twos; the elephant and the kangaroo plan may not work satisfactorily. The pleasure is not diminished, and the sense, in fact the reality, of safety is enhanced greatly, by going in parties of not less than three with guide. The group should not greatly exceed that number, for in large crowds there is always one cripple; and a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. It will be obvious from my tale how very annoying, not to say dangerous, a twisted ankle, or for instance a broken leg, might be under the circumstances so far from any assistance.

For those who may some time follow my path I would say, that the way has been rendered much easier since my time. The crow-bar and the

blast have made the rock climb much easier; the snow fields and their peculiarities are better known; the journey is now quoted as taking nearly four hours less time than it did then. And the beauty of it cannot be changed.

Allmen gave me a certificate, which I still preserve as a memento, showing that we did what ordinarily is considered (see Baedeker) a sixteen or eighteen hours' march in twelve,—almost a record.

Next morning, after a well-earned night's rest, I left Kandersteg and walked over the Gemmi Pass to Lenkerbad, a small town or *cure* which overlooks the upper Rhone valley on the other side of the divide. This pass was even then almost practicable for vehicles. Naturally, it is a fairly steep climb in places, so that mules, or quite as often jackasses, "short and simple animals of the poor," are much used by those not able, or not willing, to foot it. The outlook on the way is exceptionally fine, especially as one gets great vistas of the Aletsch Glacier and its peaks and, on the south side, of the beautiful Rhone valley.

At Lenkerbad are hot sulphur water baths, which are much frequented by persons suffering from rheumatism and certain forms of skin diseases. The bathers remain in large enclosed halls or bath rooms, up to their waists in the thick liquid, for hours at a time. To relieve the

inevitable tedium, they play all sorts of games on floating boards or tables, chess, chequers, backgammon, and dominoes. In the stifling and unpleasant atmosphere, they looked none too comfortable, and I was glad to get out and continue on my way down the Rhone valley toward Lake Lemman.

I feasted on the delicious grapes of the region as I went along in leisurely fashion, looking toward majestic Mont Blanc and enjoying myself thoroughly. The way was always down until I finally reached the entrance of the river into the upper end of the lake. A beautiful sail in a well-appointed steamboat brought me to Geneva, where I lost no time in claiming the baggage I had despatched from Vienna.

XIV

WAR. THE ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBULANCE

EVERYWHERE throughout my journey in Switzerland I had seen a great tide of expelled or refugee Germans coming from France. In Geneva, the exodus was most marked because it acts as a gateway toward the Teutonic frontiers. All classes of Germans, some recalled to military duty, others merchants with their families, *commis-voyageurs*, artisans, artists, clerks,—all formed a rushing stream from France; for it will be remembered that after the *Dèchèance* the French people would suffer no German, or Germanic-appearing individual to remain in their country. With this in mind, I saw clearly that it would be useless and even dangerous for me to follow my original intention of going on to Paris, with my trunk full of German books and medical instruments, with German clothing on my back, and with a complexion and appearance sufficiently Teutonic to arouse suspicion. So I despatched again my belongings by *Eil-Gut* as before, this time to Rotterdam, there to await my

arrival in what I thought would be ten days or a fortnight.

I resolved to take a train for the border of the contending lines, to see what I could of coming events, at any rate to look at the consequences of those which had already taken place. This must have been in the last week of August, 1870. I went, generally by rail, on the right bank of the Rhine, past Strassburg (already beleaguered) till I arrived somehow at Saarbrücken. Here the young Prince Imperial, Napoleon's son, had received not long before his "baptism of fire." A small railway took me up to the environs of Metz. I slept that night on a pile of meal sacks in a railway shed. I have never been able to undersand why I was not arrested as a spy, for I had no earthly business there, but it seemed to be no one's particular duty to arrest me.

At that time Bazaine with about one hundred and fifty thousand men was shut up in Metz; but his besiegers probably did not outnumber his own forces greatly. I am no military expert, but I believe he could have defended Metz with one half his troops, sending the others to the south of France as a valuable nucleus for further armies. Metz was over-garrisoned and in two and one-half months Bazaine surrendered about one hundred and thirty thousand men, the others having died of disease or starvation or in sorties.

A smaller force could have held out, on the provisions which the city had at the beginning, for months longer. It is impossible for me to acquit Bazaine of the charge either of gross incompetence or of treason to his country (by which I do not mean Napoleon III, or the Imperial Dynasty).

After my night in the railway shed, I breakfasted in a little *estaminet*, deposited my knapsack there, and set out in the general direction of Metz to see what I could of the city and its surroundings. Again my luck was with me, for I was held up by no authority. I wandered along at my own sweet will until I approached the heavy fringe of poplars which virtually hid the city from view. Very soon it became evident that sentries would prevent too close an observation point; so I rested behind some farm out-buildings or detached cottages and awaited developments.

From my secure position I saw the troops busily building barricades and gun emplacements. About eleven o'clock, a tremendous fanfare of drums commenced. It came from a point far within the French lines and gradually drew nearer. It seemed as if the drum corps of the entire French army were beating a charge. The movements of the Germans in my neighborhood now became frenzied, and batteries of field guns came tearing past me to take positions for the

attack which seemed imminent. There was a moderate crackle of musketry, during which a few wild and spent bullets came in my direction. I took shelter behind one of the poor hovels, but nothing after all occurred. The drumming shortly ceased, and things went on as before, strenuously but quietly. My guess is that Bazaine was only stirring up the Germans to give some of the ladies attached to his entourage a little amusement.

As there seemed to be no more to see here, I went back to claim my knapsack. Without asking any question myself or explaining my actions to others, I started on the back track to Saarbrücken to continue my journey toward Holland. Next day I found myself at a point on the Belgian frontier abreast of Sedan. As the battle had been fought four or five days previously, I started out from the Belgian station to see what I could of the battlefield.

After a pleasant morning's walk of about ten miles, through part of the historic Ardennes Forest and past the village and château of the famous crusader Godfrey de Bouillon, I came out on a high plateau overlooking Sedan. There evidences of the battles were on every side; to be sure, almost all the small arms had been gathered up, but many trees had been riddled or severed by shot, here and there were crippled and dismounted field pieces and tumbrels, and strangely

enough, many brass musical instruments. A great quantity of small sheet music lay scattered about, where it had been blown by the winds. The whole scene reminded me of a looted picnic ground on a large scale. But the long narrow slightly elevated mounds covered with fresh earth gave quite a different idea.

I was then at last in Sedan. As I passed into the town, I saw in front of the *mairie* sixty or seventy thousand rifles stacked like cordwood or rather crossed piles of railroad iron. These *chasse pots* almost blocked the way for a considerable distance along the main street. Some were loaded, some unloaded; the bayonets were sometimes fixed, sometimes unfixed; all were rusting. The larger arms, mitrail lenses, etc., were parked away in some bends of the little river Maas near by. The captured French soldiers and the lightly wounded had all been taken away, and the main German army had gone either to surround Metz or to march toward Paris; the citadel was held by only a few regiments of *Landwehr*. I took some refreshment in a little *estaminet* and then wandered about for an hour or so. As luck would have it my steps led me to the most prominent and highest building of the city, the *Caserne* (Barracks) *D'Asfeldt*, from which floated the Red Cross.

I entered, and almost at once met one of the Anglo-American Doctors, who invited me in, and

introduced me to the chiefs, Drs. Marion Sims and William McCormack (shortly afterwards Sir William). It was explained, and insisted upon, that, since I was a doctor and free—and needed, I had no right to go farther just then. So virtually at once my work commenced. I was given a sort of uniform belonging to someone about my size and went to work. The personnel of the Corps, "The Anglo-American Ambulance," was one made up, as its name implied, exclusively of English and United States Medical men and assistants; they had accompanied McMahan's army from Paris. A number of the members had been living in Paris at the time of the outbreak of the war; others were from various cities of Europe.

The two chiefs, Drs. Sims and McCormack, and quite a number of the Corps, having supposed the war would end after the capture of the Emperor, left Sedan a few days after my arrival. Due to the constant diminution of our wounded, by death or transportation to German hospitals, we had before long, both at Sedan and Bazeilles (a suburb two miles away), less than three hundred patients. In about a fortnight, reliefs of the German Ambulance and other medical men arrived, and our services were therefore no longer necessary or appropriate.

I have not as yet said anything about our hospital duties, which were many and varied. There

had been a good many primary operations, very few, however, performed on the day of the battle. Infantry and other troops had been massed on the hills behind the Caserne, and a heavy fire of field guns boomed over the hospital all the day of the engagement. Many casualties occurred in the yards, the building was often struck, but there was no very great loss of life in the building or the open court. Still the gentlemen of the Ambulance found the "bomb-proofs" underneath much the more comfortable station. In the excitement of that day one unfortunate mistake was made. It would be comic if it were not so gruesome. A Zouave was instantly killed in the barracks yard, and it occurred to someone to pitch him into the big open well, which supplied the hospital. No one had made note of the incident, and it was some days before the fact became unpleasantly evident in the cooking and drinking water and in its intestinal effects. Zouave and water is not good.

The work was chiefly that of bandaging, dressing, and redressing wounds, some few secondary operations, and keeping the poor fellows moderately clean and free from pain. Fifty years is a long time ago. It will be remembered that at that time we were just beginning to use the hypodermatic syringe; and what a boon it was to give relief from pain so instantaneously! Also, anti-septic surgery was in reality a brand new subject;

even aseptic surgery consisted only in apparent cleanliness; the doctors of that day were likely to forget, if they knew, how small a spark of infective matter can cause a great flame. Fortunately at this point, however (from lack of time, probably, for thorough putrefaction), we were somewhat spared the horrors of septicæmia and pyæmia by which our own and, for that matter, all other Ambulances and Hospitals were so ravaged later on. Not one was spared. I had just come from Vienna where puerperal fever had rioted for months in spite of every effort to check it. Listerism, and the teachings of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Semelweiss had not appeared; at least we had only the hints of Lister regarding carbolic acid. We used a good deal of this so-called antiseptic without much effect, probably often used so much that we seared and destroyed tissue in the hope of checking destruction in another way.

One case of skin grafting I had which, in spite of the crude method used, resulted admirably. A poor Corsican private had the right nates or buttock almost cut or scraped away by a shell. We cleaned the wound surgically as well as possible, then stood a number of his ambulant compatriots in a row, with their arms bare and washed, took from them a dozen or fifteen small sections of skin, and superimposed them on the wound. They took well, and I have no doubt that if the

method was continued the contraction contingent upon healing would have been greatly modified or improved.

We were dismissed by the military authorities with courtesies and thanks and we went to Brussels, but not to disband. As the war threatened to last indefinitely, the Republic having been declared, the Red Cross decided to give us another chance if we chose to take advantage of it. We were to go to Normandy (Rouen), from there work our way up the Seine Valley, then not occupied by the German forces, until as would inevitably happen we should be captured by German patrols. The Anglo-American Ambulance had started from Paris; so we could then claim the right, or at least ask permission, to serve in Paris as medical men.

Dr. Pratt was appointed as the new chief of our reconstituted remnant of the Corps and we started out from Brussels, after I had been formally enrolled as full surgeon with the rank of major. By rail we went through Lille and Arras, arriving in due course in Rouen on the 9th of October. We found the city in great trepidation because of the report that Uhlans were near. But we refused to delay and started out on the same afternoon, after we had procured two large carts for our impedimenta, hospital supplies and the like, and had them loaded on flat cars. We had gone only a few miles on the road to Paris,

after an hour or two of slow progress, when the engineer refused to go any farther. So we unloaded and proceeded on foot by night, or early evening rather, toward a town called Vernon in the Seine Valley. On our way we were captured by a body of free or guerilla soldiery, calling themselves "Franc-tireurs." As all of them were intensely ignorant and most of them intoxicated, we had an interesting and for a while exciting time. They believed us to be "Prussians," as they called the whole German army, but they finally took us before the Mayor and Council of Vernon, where our explanation was made and accepted.

On the next day and for the following two or three days we continued our journey without molestation, at a foot pace till we reached the flourishing town of Mantes, about twenty miles distant from Paris. Foraging parties of Uhlans had visited this town once or twice, but had not occupied it. As a matter of fact, we saw no Germans until we came to the Forest of St. Germain, near the palace of that name, when we were called to halt, and were made prisoners by a vedette of the same lancers. They escorted us to the Provost Marshal of St. Germain. After a long colloquy between our chief, the military authorities at Versailles, and representatives of the Geneva Cross there, we received orders to come on to Versailles a few miles distant and report to the authorities personally. Under guard we did

so, passing in full view of some of the outlying forts of the Parisian defences, notably Mt. Valerien. We were quite naturally taken for the enemy and their guns fired away at us pretty actively, but with very bad aim. However, we were none too comfortable as the shells crashed noisily through the trees. The firing stopped when we reached the cover of the hill leading to Versailles. As we climbed the steep slopes toward the city past villas and country residences which bordered the road, we had plenty of leisure to view the results of war. We saw shattered houses, deserted villas with furniture and household goods looted and destroyed, expensive pianos split up for firewood, and grounds ill-kempt and overgrown.

XV

SERVICE AT ORLEANS

WE reached Versailles in the early evening of October fourteenth; after a short wait, the official head of the German Ambulance Services, Prince Put-bus, sent orders for quarters. With some others I was assigned to the Grand Hotel des Reservoirs, then as now one of the leading hotels of the town. It was impossible to complain of our quarters or our treatment, for it seemed to me that the larger part of the smaller Royalties and German Grand Dukes were our fellow guests.

As I was not, though a full surgeon, in or of the direction of the Corps, I do not know exactly what took place in the councils. However, I was grateful for the three days of wonderfully interesting loafing which their deliberations gave me. I wandered through the town and about the Château, the grounds, and the Trianons, and inspected with especial interest the various hospitals. In the immense and luxurious chambers and corridors of the palace itself, the wounded had quarters, such as perhaps no wounded had ever

had before. Finally the word from headquarters came: "We cannot think for a moment of letting you into Paris to serve. We are much indebted to you for your past services at Sedan and Bazeilles. If you would like to serve further, you can be very useful, as General von der Tann, who is now on his way to occupy Orléans, will need doctors badly." We accepted the suggestion, by vote of the Corps. Through Captain Brackenbury, Chief of the English Red Cross Staff, we received new uniforms which had been sent for, the undress uniform of the British Royal Artillery.

On the 17th or thereabouts we started at a quick march on the road to Orléans, furnished with all power by the Etappen-Commando (or Provost Marshal) to requisition food and quarters on the way. Our first night was spent at Longjumeau and we followed for four days, beginning the next afternoon, in the wake of a small but triumphant body of about twenty-five thousand Bavarians, who gave us a most exciting march. Evidences of conflict were about us all the time, and we entered Orléans just at the close of the battle at Atenay in the environs of the city. We were received by General Stabs Arzt Professor von Nussbaum most cordially, not to say enthusiastically, for the wounded were numerous and surgeons few. Regimental surgeons were badly needed in the field.

We were almost at once inducted into service and given as our immediate charge the whole of the deserted railway terminal depot filled with wounded. The French had taken away all the locomotives and rolling stock, and had broken the iron railway bridge over the Loire. Besides the depot, we were given two large houses on the best part of the Loire quays; these we used as headquarters for the Corps, which now numbered twelve, seven of whom were full surgeons. The rest were either assistant surgeons or aides; three additional aides joined us some weeks later. As the sequel proved, we were to remain here until the end of January, and some until February, of the next year.

A word about three at least of our so-called aides: they were not in any sense medical men, but young aristocrats of most influential connections. They did some good helping on occasion, but were most useful in wielding their social influence. Members of the Jockey Club, and friends of a great many members of the various military staffs, they had power which resulted often in considerable benefit to the Corps.

Now the three months' steady work commenced. Each surgeon was assigned his position, either in the big buildings connected with the railroad yards or in the hastily enclosed sheds near by. Though I took no notes and cannot be sure, I should judge roughly that we had most

of the time about three hundred, probably more, badly wounded men, most of whom were in need of operative surgical interference. We had, as I remember, twelve cases of thigh amputation; two fell to my lot and one got well, or was in a definite way of recovery when I left Orléans. The chances were against recovery, for after a week or two many of them, as also others less seriously wounded, began to show evidences of septic trouble. The death list became terrible, dispiriting to those in charge and for myself I may say almost maddening.

The surgical world at that time knew all too well the consequences of sepsis; evidence was plentiful especially in large field hospitals, though other hospitals suffered too. (I have spoken before of the puerperal fever scourge which I witnessed in the Geburtshulf Abtheilung, Vienna.) In all hospitals, German, French, or British, we were all pretty much alike in our experiences, and the hopelessness of it all was something appalling.

I conceived the happy thought of a private house for the reception of some of the men on whom I had operated; permission was granted, and to my private hospital, 12 Rue Royale, I am sure I owe the recovery of many of my cases, especially of one (Michael Hannes), whose leg had been amputated at the thigh. A year or so later I received two very grateful letters from

him; he had provided himself with a wooden leg and a wife, with both of which he was content.

I observed one curious instance of how less poisonous surroundings may bring on a favorable result, even accidentally. A wounded man who had suffered amputation high up on the thigh was thought to be close to death. His case was certainly desperate, he was very low, and hospital gangrene had set in. As the hospital was crowded, he was taken out of the main building away from the others to a shed which contained fresh horse manure and bedding. The weather being bitterly cold, he was placed on one blanket and covered by one or two more; but the substance of his couch was the pile of manure. He was cared for as well as possible under the circumstances, and astonished everyone by improving rapidly, possibly through the ammoniac stimulant of his bed, the warmth of the decomposing manure, and the fresh air. I have no doubt that he recovered, for he seemed out of danger some weeks later when I lost sight of him.

As to the general treatment of wounds: for one thing, we always used chloroform as anæsthetic. I think even now that it is best for field service, in that it involves less shock and acts more quickly than other anæsthetics. In the field the consideration of possible lethal danger need not be taken into account. Before operating we prepared the men as well as we could with

water as clean as we could get, kept our hands as clean as possible, and used carbolic acid always and eternally in varying strengths, in order to discourage putrefaction. It is melancholy to look back upon it now. Our attachés, hospital stewards, who were good, willing, rough, and dirty privates, brought water for us, rinsed out dressing ewers, and performed other similar duties, but it is not likely that sanitary conditions were improved by their assistance. After amputation of limbs our method was to apply a fairly strong solution of carbolic acid on the inner surface of the flaps, then bring them together and hope for a healing by first or other intention. We did not know much, but we realized that cleanliness and fresh air certainly helped, and we were beginning to hear murmurings of the antiseptics to be. Though we were very far from achieving even comparative asepsis, we tried hard; and let me plead in extenuation of our efforts that, considering our ignorance and the conditions under which we were obliged to work, we could hardly have done better.

It has often kept me awake at night thinking what success we might have attained, how many lives we might have saved, if we had known then what we know today. But conditions were not much improved in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, perhaps not even in the Balkan struggles; they seem inevitable in conflicts far away from

supplies and proper attention. In 1881, I was moved to write a paper for the International Medical Congress on the use of powdered charcoal as a dressing for wounds;—but that is another story.

From the twentieth of October till about the fifth or sixth of November, the situation remained about the same. Then reports began to fly about of the approach of a French relieving army, “the Grand Army of the Loire,” under General Aurelle de Paladines. Confirmation came by ever-increasing numbers of Bavarian wounded who were brought in and committed to our care. On the eighth, the anxiety of the German officers and troops became more pronounced; and on the morning of the ninth, we heard the distant but unmistakable rumble of artillery fire to the south, which announced the fact that fighting was going on fairly near us.

A call or resolution was made for volunteers to go out with our Ambulance and see what we could do. Six of us, with the ancient diligence we had requisitioned at Mantes, were soon on our way in the direction of the action. When we had gone a few miles beyond a small town called Coulmiers, we were halted and put under orders by the reserve force of about two thousand men and three guns. We learned that the main Bavarian army of about fifteen thousand men had been falling back for about twenty-four

hours, before a French force of approximately sixty thousand which was made up of all sorts of irregular levies drawn from all parts of the South, even from Algeria, and that the Bavarian forces were being forced back steadily from position to position.

During all the afternoon we did what we could (which was precious little), only attending to an occasional wounded man and leaving him in the nearest shelter. About half past four o'clock, it was evident that an order had been received to retreat rapidly; the troops went across the fields and ditches as straight as they could in the direction of Versailles, and help. The day had been foggy and cheerless and by this time dark was coming on. We with our lumbering omnibus could not follow the troops, but had to trust to our intuition in finding the road back to Orléans. Two of us, Dr. Tilghman and I, volunteered to ride in advance on the two saddle horses we had with us, I because I was most expert in German, and he because he was a good Frenchman. We knew we should meet some cavalry patrols or vedettes and it was necessary for the safety of the rest that the leaders should be able to answer challenges. The ride was not an inspiring one; to make matters worse, it rained, not heavily, but persistently. As we knew that we were more likely to get a volley than a hail, our procession was a slow one. Only a mile or two had been

covered, on what we thought was the right road, when we were suddenly halted by a French sentinel, whose challenge was quickly answered.

It appeared that we had stumbled upon the headquarters of the French General. When we had explained who we were, our captors treated us curtly enough, but told us to wait until they had heard that Orléans, some fourteen miles away, was in French hands. This news came in about two hours' time, and we were allowed to proceed. About eleven or twelve o'clock that night we arrived finally at the Barriers of Orléans. I was immediately sent on duty, wet to the skin, but thankful to get food, wine, and, most of all, a quiet smoke. We were glad to find that the wounded had been attended to during our absence, and that scarcely any fresh ones had been brought in; but we had enough of them next day.

All the Germans who had remained in the city, guards, sentinels, and wounded, had of course been made prisoners. We ourselves for some time were regarded in the same light, but we suffered no serious interruption until two or three days later, when we were ordered to change our hospital. The French had decided to use the railroad station again. We moved into a building which was, strangely, part factory and part church, and very inconvenient for us. Many of our poor patients died from the inevitable dis-

comfort of transfer. Fortunately for me, I was permitted to retain my private house, the home of M. Proust at 12 Rue Royale, where I was keeping several of my operated cases. Some time after the authorities gave us for use as a hospital the church of St. Enverte, which had been torn down and rebuilt many times since the fifth century, when it was first the shrine of its patron saint.

Our work for the next three weeks until December first was the same monotone of hospital work, dressing wounds, and looking after the men generally; but the situation was now complicated by our crowded state and the inefficient dirty aides we had to help us. The ravages of pyæmia and septicæmia were heartbreaking. Smallpox too was rife among the various hastily raised levies of the French troops. I cannot now remember a single case in the thoroughly vaccinated German forces. It fell to my lot to transfer the infected men to the left bank of the Loire. The gradual negligence of volunteer service which is hard to avoid after long occupation was beginning to be noticeable in our Corps; by this time the chief and some of the other surgeons were not working too hard.

XVI

END OF ADVENTURE

NEAR the end of the month (November twenty-seventh) Metz surrendered, and almost immediately Prince Friederich Karl's army was put in motion towards Orléans and South France. Accounts of skirmishes to the north and east of Orléans reached us on December first or second. These reports became more definite; the French troops were evidently retreating again so as to put the river between themselves and the overwhelming forces of the German army. On the fifth of December, the Germans appeared in force and shelled the nearer portion of the town, including our old hospital, the railroad station, and the pontoon and one other bridge across the Loire. The skirmishing line drew ever nearer and by afternoon fighting had begun in the outskirts of the city itself.

As I was off hospital duty that afternoon and wished to see things a little more closely, I went out through the deserted streets leading to the Octroi (the custom house) in the straggling

Faubourg Bannier. Eventually I found myself near two mitrailleuses, supported by a detachment of French infantry, which were firing at the advancing Saxons. Though casualties were getting numerous, and it was obvious that soon the position would have to be abandoned, I made the best of it temporarily by helping where I could. I remember removing a bullet from the leg of a Zouave, and bandaging the wounded arm of a Mobile as best I could. A poor young fellow passed near me crying and holding the stumps of two fingers in his mouth; he had been reaching for another cartridge when the fingers were shot off, he told me. I bound up his wounded hand and, as I had not been designated for this kind of service, this seemed to me a good time to withdraw, as I did, taking the boy with me. We kept close to the side of the houses which sheltered us from the fire. Their rough cast walls of plaster were by now pretty well spattered with indentations.

I little thought when I led the boy to my private hospital at 12 Rue Royale that I was taking him to his death, which resulted from pyæmia a few days later. In removing the shattered bones the next day I used an infected or improperly cleaned metacarpal saw, which had been loaned me by one of my colleagues, an assistant of Dr. Pratt. What followed was no more than was to be expected. This was chief

among the grievances that occasioned unpleasantness thereafter.

That night was a lively one. The French were pouring in disorder through the town and across the bridges, trying to get on the far side of the Loire. Except for a few intoxicated ones and an occasional straggler, most of them succeeded. The wooden pontoon bridges were burned that night and the other rendered almost impassable for the pursuing enemy. Next morning, December 6th, the city was again in the possession of the German forces, under Prince Friederich Karl (the Red Prince). It was an exciting and interesting time for us, and would have been more so, if our hospital duties had not tied us down so closely. The new authorities treated us with great consideration, as in fact did the contending forces at all times. There was no hindering us in our work; indeed we were greatly assisted by having an officer assigned to us with authority to take charge of all papers and records.

Occasionally later some of the surgeons of superior rank operated at our crowded hospital church (St. Enverte), notably the chief surgeon of the whole German army, General and Professor von Langenbeck; several times he visited the hospital and Professor von Nussbaum frequently operated and consulted, but even their presence and that of other distinguished surgeons

did not successfully combat the horrors of infection, and the depression of mind caused by poor results and hospitalism.

The city of course was held till the termination of the war. The Bavarian Corps, with whom we got along especially well, was ordered to an apparently quiet and less arduous service near Paris, as a reward for work well done. Paris was then nearing inevitable surrender, but as luck would have it, one of the fiercest French sorties took place about the middle of December in the direction of the Bavarians, and they were again badly cut up in repulsing it.

The weather had been cold for a week or two in Orléans, but now it became bitterly so. The winter was one of the severest ones on record in France and over Southern Europe as well. The sick and wounded suffered greatly, as did the combatants; it was hard enough on us, though we relatively were in luxury. What the poor French troops must have suffered it is hard to conceive, wretchedly clothed and shod as they were. The Germans were more comfortably accoutred in every way, due provision having been made for them.

Toward the last of December, the stream of wounded lessened, infection had carried off most of the bad cases, other field hospitals had been arranged by the Germans, and work on the whole had become less arduous. Indications of the

early surrender of Paris and, in natural sequence, the end of hostilities were evident. Virtually our work was done.

I regret to say that about this time I had an altercation with one of my colleagues, the one who had loaned me the uncleaned saw. There were other reasons for my loss of temper, among them my loss of a young assistant nurse, in whose case I had become interested through one of the Sisters of Mercy attached to our hospital. The young man was Irish, one of the Irish Legion; he had voluntarily joined the French Army in the early days of the war and now, having seen the hopelessness of it all, had deserted the falling cause. The Sisters of Mercy had furnished him with clothes, and one of them begged me to take him on as hospital nurse, saying he could speak French and would be of use. I consented, and for a few days all went well, but suddenly he was taken by the chief and I was deprived of his services, of which the doctor before mentioned now availed himself. I was naturally irritated by such treatment, and went to the chief, who dismissed my objections cavalierly enough; on making a similar remonstrance to his assistant, I received an insolent reply. I gave some physical vent to my emotion at that point, in spite of the fact that we were in our church hospital and the patients witnessed my wrath. Possibly I emphasized my resentment too strongly and the

place was no doubt badly chosen, but the act itself I considered justifiable. I so expressed myself at a meeting of the body of the Ambulance which was held promptly and declared my personal responsibility to him or to any differing with me. To end the matter, I sent in my resignation, which the chief afterwards requested me to reconsider.

I may be permitted here a slight digression to explain a peculiar situation in the Ambulance. New York being my residence, I was classed by the others, in spite of the fact that I was an English citizen, not having taken out my papers, as an American. Three or four others were born and educated in the South, and held extreme Secessionist views, though none of them served on the side of the South during the war, 1870 was not along after 1865 and opinions and feelings were still wide apart. Being entirely Union in my sympathies, I had more than once to clash with the other Americans and reply to remarks derogatory to the Union cause and its defenders. The English members of the Ambulance did not particularly concern themselves about these differences of opinion, as they were terribly ignorant of the situation; doubtless they wondered why I, English by birth, should greatly care. My position hence was a difficult one and I was perhaps not entirely *persona grata*, though I defy any of my colleagues to name an instance wherein

I did not do my duty faithfully, and where I in any way shirked, when volunteers were needed for disagreeable or even possibly dangerous duty.

I remained in Orléans only a few days after this incident. I took leave of my kind hosts, M. and Mme. Proust, at whose home I had stayed every night for many weeks, to be near my patients, and, with this farewell over, I was ready to go at any moment. Learning that a convoy of convalescing wounded would soon be sent back to Strassburg, I sought an interview with Surgeon General von Langenbeck. He received me kindly and courteously in his quarters in Cardinal Dupanloup's palace, and upon receiving my request to go with the train he not only gave his permission but also gave me an order, which I still possess, to the Provost Marshal, giving me the position of Zug-Begleiter, or accompanying medical officer. In two or three days we moved out.

I accepted two or three hundred francs from our chief, Dr. Pratt, to pay the expenses of my journey to England; it was enough so that I never applied to the Red Cross Headquarters in Belgium for any balance that might be due me on account of pay. Truth to tell, all my work had been entirely altruistic, and I wanted no more than my expenses, deeming my experiences a sufficient reward. Dr. Pratt at the same time

also gave me a certificate commending my services.

The total of our number as we started from Orléans was one hundred and sixty-nine, one hundred and sixty privates and non-commissioned officers, seven officers, myself, and Dr. Ryan, who was severely indisposed. He was suffering greatly with some trouble which had caused a pronounced jaundice. Leave of absence had been granted him, both to give him a chance to recover and, as I learned from him, to permit him to obtain his graduation papers from the University he had attended.

Our route lay from Orléans to Corbeil, a little town or summer resort on the Seine in the environs of Paris, and we found this part of our journey none too easy. At the time of the first capture of Orléans the French on retiring had removed all their locomotives and most of the rolling stock to the further side of the river, and had destroyed the railroad bridge over the Loire. The smaller bridges on the road we had to take, also had in great part been wrecked. Consequently horse traction had to be substituted in moving our old and broken-down cars. When we reached one of the gaps where a bridge had been, we all dismounted, the teams were taken off, and cars were pushed over on the rails, which had been connected; then we hitched up and were off again. Our cortege did not travel at night

but on arriving in the evening at some little town on the way we received *billets de logement* from an officer acting as provost marshal's deputy. One or two of these billets I have preserved as mementos.

Dr. Ryan and I naturally occupied the same car as the convalescent officers, among whom was a gentleman of considerable distinction, as evidenced by the respect he received from his fellow officers, the Graf von Hardenberg, who had been wounded in the shoulder while serving as Major in a Posen regiment. In the course of conversation with him and others, I learned that he was a descendant of a Swedish Marshal in the Thirty Years' War, and that he still owned large estates in the country of his ancestors, as a part of his great wealth. We became somewhat intimate, as evidenced by the fact that he did his best later to persuade me to go as his guest to Germany for a while.

We reached Corbeil in three days, where, since the railroad could take us no farther, we crossed the Seine by a temporary bridge and were conveyed by ambulances and wagons to Lagny, a two days' journey to the east of Paris. In our slow progress across country, we had to spend the night at Brie, which overlooks Paris to the northwest. One of the Rothschilds had a beautiful château with extensive grounds in the immediate vicinity. The power of wealth even in

war conditions was well exemplified here, as the gates, the house, and the walks about the château were carefully guarded by German sentries. No desolation, no wreckage there; flocks of pheasants were wandering about, tame as chickens, almost between the legs of the soldiery. The soldiers' mouths must certainly have watered for the dainty morsels, but obviously, like the poor cat in the fable, they let "I dare not" wait upon "I would."

Dr. Ryan and I were as usual billeted together, this time in the house of a peasant, evidently well-to-do, possibly at one time a gardener or attaché of the château. We had an excellent supper, a comfortable night, and a good breakfast at his home. Probably it was not necessary, nor usual to do so, but we paid his wife well when we went, I think to their surprise. We were evidently not "Prussians"; and they gave us a hearty sendoff.

At Lagny we found comfortable cars which brought us into Strassburg a day later. Dr. Ryan went on toward his home as soon as possible, but I yielded somewhat to the urging of Graf von Hardenberg that I go on with him to Berlin where he was sure (and there could be no doubt of this) he could make it comfortable and pleasant for me. We looked around Strassburg a bit, as I had never been there before, visiting the Cathedral, of course, to see the clock

and lofty spire, and went around the outer defenses of the town, which bore eloquent witness to the destructive effect of the cannonading to which it had been subjected during the siege, and to the exquisite exactitude of fire. The walls and ramparts were absolutely flattened, but, except for the portions nearest the walls, the city itself had not been greatly damaged. The Cathedral, I think, had been touched only once; it was to become German once more, hence, I fancy, the consideration. But cathedral wrecking was not then so much in vogue as in later years.

With the Graf, I went so far out of my way to London as Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where I became so obsessed, or nostalgic, in my desire to get to an English-speaking country again, that I begged to decline his offer, and we parted, certainly with regret on my part, and seemingly so on his. I was obliged to make a detour by the earliest train to Aachen, or Aix La Chapelle.

Here another piece of luck, good or bad as it may seem, befell me. At that time there were two railway stations in Aachen, one in the German part of the town, the other in the Belgian, near where the frontiers met. In the second class compartment in which I was riding on my way to Brussels, I had as fellow travelers two other young men, *commis-voyageurs* or something of the sort. I had been humming to myself

in sheer gladness of heart some bits from Offenbach's French operettas, and sometimes whistling softly such tunes as came to my mind. When we reached the German depot the young men got out quickly; I continued to enjoy myself, but in a minute was somewhat startled by a harsh command, "Heraus!" from a corporal, who stood outside the door. I saw that he had a file of men with him—a *force majeure* they were, with a vengeance; so, indignant as I was, I saw that remonstrance or explanation would be of no use. I was marched to the office of the Provost Marshal, where I was called on pretty brusquely to give an account of myself. The interrogator was a heavily built, red faced Major who took himself very seriously. The documents I was able to show were proof, all too convincing, of my innocence; he at once became as deferential and apologetic as he had been rough, and, to close the incident, despatched me in a *droschke* to the other station, where in spite of a long delay, caused by customs and other authorities, I arrived only a minute too late to catch my train. It was a bitterly cold day, and I had to wait for hours for another. I suppose my traveling companions had a fixed conception that I was an escaping prisoner or interned man, for under an ordinary overcoat I was wearing my uniform trousers; these with my regulation fatigue cap were enough to arouse their suspicions. I could

understand the mistake, but understanding did not improve my temper nor the situation. I poured down no blessings on their heads.

Late that night I finally reached Brussels. Next morning, after gathering together some Sedan relics and other things I had left for safe keeping some months before, I took a train for Rotterdam to claim the trunk I had sent on from Geneva in August. When I went to the baggage room of the Eil-Gut, I found that owing to my long silence the authorities had opened my trunk, found the address of my brother in London, and sent it on to him. The trunk was safe in his keeping when I got there.

Getting to England I found to be something of a problem. Ordinarily an easy matter, it was now difficult because of the unusual weather conditions. The weather having been steadily and intensely cold, the harbors of Rotterdam and Amsterdam had frozen solid. No steamer was sailing from either port, but I found that there was one little harbor, Nieuwediep, still open. I made the best of my way there and got a little tub of a steamer which landed me in thirty-six hours safely at St. Katherine's Docks near London Bridge.

After exchanging greetings with my London friends, I went down to Devonshire to visit my family. I stayed with them for a week or two and then returned to London, where I put in

252 RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD BOY

five or six profitable weeks visiting the hospitals, more especially the Dermatological Clinics of the University, Gays, Blackfriars, and others. Early in April, 1871, I sailed for New York and was back in my adopted country by the middle of the month.

About six months later I was agreeably surprised to receive the Military Order "pour la Merite" from Bavaria, as did most of the men who had served with me in Orléans.

.

My next experience with anything concerning war came in 1915 when, immediately after the sinking of the "Lusitania," I resolved to go to the scene of hostilities in France. I took passage about the middle of June on the "Cameronia," another Cunarder, which was booked to sail as the next boat after the "Lusitania" on her return voyage. We had a fair trip across the Atlantic and met nothing unusual until we reached the west Irish coast. At this point certain necessary precautionary measures were taken, such as hoisting out the boats ready to be dropped when need should arise. All passengers were assigned places in the boats. For nearly two days before and after reaching the Irish Channel we kept a zigzag course, and observed the rule of lights out at night and other precautions.

Occasionally while in the Channel we noticed

evidences of wreck and damage; on nearing the northern Welsh coast we saw one fine but misty morning about four o'clock an emerging submarine close by and almost directly in our path. Our course was immediately altered, evidently with the intention of running it down; it submerged quickly however, and, failing in our intention, we put on full speed ahead, and as we could make better time than the submarine, we must soon have passed out of danger. At any rate, we arrived safely in Liverpool. This occurrence was reported in some of the papers at that time.

I stayed with friends in London for some time and, after procuring a French passport at the Consulate, crossed to Dieppe on July 3rd, and arrived in Paris on the following day. I visited the American hospitals near by, particularly those at Neuilly and Juilly, the latter about thirty kilometers away toward the front.

At this time there was a strange lull in the fighting; the opposing armies apparently were confining themselves to bringing up forces and holding the positions they already occupied. I made application to the gentlemen who were at the head of the hospital at Neuilly for service with them, and told Dr. De Bouchet that I was ready to serve in any capacity, even as interpreter, which my knowledge of French and German would warrant. But my efforts were of

no use; I presume that my age, nearly seventy-five then, was some objection, but Dr. Hutchinson, also in charge of a department there, told me that they had quite enough doctors and nurses at the time, in fact even more than they needed. The same condition was evident at Juilly, where leaves of absence were the order of things and the young doctors and nurses were having as it seemed a most pleasant time. However, this had not been true a month or two before, and they were destined to have a different situation to meet a month or so later.

I saw no reason to remain, and as I had used or was giving away most of the money I had brought with me, I resolved to return by Bordeaux. On my way there I stopped at Orléans, where I revisited the old scenes of forty-six years before. I could learn nothing of my old friends, the Prousts, who could not possibly have been living. The city itself had changed a good deal, and my memory hardly served me to find my way about. I stayed only a few days before going on to Bordeaux, where I called on Dr. Dubreuilh, an old dermatological colleague, who received me most hospitably. I had to wait several days for a ship and for permission to embark, but finally sailed on the "Espagne," which brought me to New York again on the third of August, 1915. I arrived with three dollars and fifty cents in my pocket; my last

fifty dollars, after paying my passage fee in Bordeaux, I entrusted to Dr. Dubreuilh to use for those needing it as he saw fit. I received later a receipt from him and one from the Mayor of Bordeaux, with their thanks. Both documents I still have.

Shortly after war was declared between Germany and the United States in 1917, I was placed on the Advisory Selective Staff during the draft, and served until the end of the war.

AFTERWORD

IN the foregoing chapters I have given, I think, most of the events of my life which are worthy of narration, and have kept my promise to my friends and myself by confining my story to the experiences of the Middle Victorian period. I had almost completed my volume of early reminiscences ten years ago, when happenings in my private life caused a break in my ambitions of authorship. The death of my wife, who had long been in poor health, physical and at the last mental, was followed shortly by that of a tenderly loved step-daughter. At the requests of friends I have now completed my work.

For those who are interested I am venturing to add a brief summary of my experiences after I returned to the United States. My later life was destined to be almost as full of "shallows and miseries" as the beginning had been of pleasures and adventures. I found myself at the beginning of my professional career, June, 1871, in a less comfortable state financially than I had expected. This was due to various business interests which had resulted adversely. I had for some time been holding power of attorney for

three or four of my family who resided in England and in that capacity had invested two or three years before money of theirs as well as my own in a fire insurance company of New York. The investment was made to avoid making remittances to England while exchange was so adverse; it promised and succeeded well, until the cataclysmic and unprecedented conflagrations at Chicago and Boston in 1871 and 1872 swept the money away. Feeling morally responsible for the loss, I made good at my own expense; and my own means were gone. The Spaniards have an expression, "pobre de solemnidad," solemnly poor, which about describes my condition at this time. I had taken a modest office in Brooklyn before the wreck came, and removed then to another more modest still. As I did not wish to borrow or beg, I went ahead on my own recognizances; all young doctors will understand what that means.

I kept in touch as a member with the various Societies, particularly those dermatological in scope; in later years I served twice as President of the New York Dermatological Society and once of the American Dermatological Association. My first medical appointment came in January, 1872, as Surgeon to the Skin and Throat at the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital. This was followed in 1877 by an appointment to the Long Island Medical College, at first as

Lecturer on Skin Diseases, and a few years thereafter as Clinical Professor in the same branch. In these capacities I served for about thirty years, and am now Emeritus Professor and consultant Dermatologist to that institution and most of the larger hospitals in Brooklyn. For many years I have given over my Laryngological and Rhinological practice, finding the two branches incompatible. I have not committed myself as author of any treatise, but in my earlier career I wrote a good many monographs of which in an appendix I give a partial list.

As my circumstances improved I found my wanderlust returning, and made journeys to some of the republics of the Isthmus and Mexico, as well as some trips to Europe, both to attend scientific meetings and to visit those left of my family.

Perhaps the most notable of these trips was the occasion of the International Medical Congress which was held in London in 1881. I crossed to Cadiz and spent a night or two in various Spanish cities, Madrid, Seville, Cordoba, Toledo, Aranjues, and Escorial, leaving Spain by way of Irún. On my way to London, I passed through Orléans and regretted deeply that I had not time to visit my old friends, M. and Mme. Proust, though, as they were aged in 1870, it is probable that I should not have found them living.

The Session of the medical congress was full of interest, and one or two incidents had especial significance to me. I read a paper before the Surgical Section, on the uses of charcoal as a dressing for wounds, which directly succeeded one by Lister on the carbolic acid subject for which he was so strong an advocate. I met a number of my old associates and teachers, especially those from Vienna and Berlin, Unna of Hamburg, G. Behrends, Kaposi, and the younger Hebra, to mention only a few. Czerny, formerly assistant to the distinguished Viennese surgeon Billroth, but now in Heidelberg, was in London as the guest of Jonathan Hutchinson. At this time Czerny was only commencing his distinguished career. I met him by accident at a *Conversazione* given by the City of London in the South Kensington Museum. Thousands of medical men were entertained there that night, but as he did not speak or understand English well, he was by himself and very lonely when I caught sight of him. We metaphorically fell on each other's necks and enjoyed thoroughly a talk about Wien and old times.

At this point Sir Samuel Gull and Professor Donders, the ophthalmologist of Holland, came up to Czerny and myself with two other men. Dr. Gull had been the personal professional attendant of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) during his serious illness of

typhoid fever at Sandringham. Curiously enough, a very few minutes after we had been joined by these gentlemen, the Prince with his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany, happened to pass by. The Prince of Wales greeted Dr. Gull very heartily and the doctor after a short conversation requested the privilege of presenting his friends. The request was granted; so each of us had the honor of a few pleasant words from each of their Royal Highnesses. This was soon over, however, for these personages perceiving that there was quite a knot of men approaching, pleaded a previous and immediate engagement (evidently fearing that they would be detained) and hurried off to a side door as quickly as dignity would permit. I shall not readily forget the frankness and *bonhomie* of the English Prince nor the good nature of the Kaiser-to-be ("the Kaiser with the Throat"—and with the unfortunate son, it may now be added).

Just at the end of the Session, which had been in every way a brilliant occasion, I was notified that my wife, also in England, was gravely ill. I therefore had to decline further offers of hospitality, notably one from Sir Erasmus Wilson, and was on my way back to New York in about a week. I arrived there to find that fresh reverses of fortune had overtaken me. I was again approximately a pauper.

However, I pulled through, and after various

ups and downs incident perhaps to most people, professional and otherwise, have arrived at something approaching a modest competency. I am now eighty-two years of age, have still a moderate practice, with which I am content, and can look forward to the end with a certain degree of equanimity. My memories are like those of most, mixed, but for the greater part pleasant. My feeling can perhaps best be expressed by Landor's lines:

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife.
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
I warmed my both hands at the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

S. S.

33 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
November, 1922.

APPENDIX

THE two letters from Captain Hudson to my father and family I give below in full as a sort of introduction to this short appendix. At one time I had intended to include at least parts of very many others, chiefly to members of my family, who had preserved them. These letters have been of great value in supplementing my memory while writing these recollections, but on mature consideration I have decided, because they are so mixed up with family affairs which would not interest the general reader, to omit them. However, they have some historical value in that they give a first-hand impression of places and circumstances in my travel, as in the history of the laying of the cable, my trip to the West, in which I describe Leavenworth, Fort Kearney, O'Fallon's Bluffs, Denver, and other places, my sojourn in the oil region, in Vienna, and in France during 1870 and 1871.

U.S.S.F. NIAGARA,
HAMOAZ, May 28th '58,
(Plymouth harbor)

My dear Sir:

I have but this moment learned who are to accompany me in the Cabin from the Atlantic Telegraph

Company—and hasten to inform you that it will afford me pleasure to give your son a passage to New York if he will put up with such accommodations in my Cabin as I can give him. We go to sea tomorrow evening—or Monday, with our Squadron for a few days—to make experiments with the cable—and then return to Plymouth. I must apologize to your mother and sister for not having visited them, but have been unable to devote sufficient time for that purpose since my return from Paris, but hope to do so for an hour after my return. Please make my best regards to your mother and sister, and accept the same for yourself and family, and believe me in haste

Your friend and servant,

WM. H. HUDSON

To Mrs. Sherwell—for her son—not knowing his address.

U.S.S.F. NIAGARA,
PLYMOUTH SOUND
June 7th '58

My dear Sir:

Accept my best thanks for your very kind congratulations on the success of our recent experiments with the Telegraphic Cable.

I shall be happy to have your son come on board on *Wednesday morning*. Should anything occur which requires him to be on board at an earlier period, I will notify you immediately *by Post*.

May I ask you to be the medium of tendering my sincere and earnest regards (I venture to say love) to your mother and sister, whom I fear I shall not

have time to visit at Ivy Bridge before sailing, and
accept for yourself and family the best wishes

of your friend

and servant,

WM. H. HUDSON

RICHD. A. SHERWELL, Esq.,

Ivy Bridge,

Devonshire

I had also a fairly large and intimate correspondence with many well-known medical men, a fair proportion of them warm friends, whose names I shall merely give without much comment. Osler I knew in his early student and graduate days, as well as some other distinguished Canadians. Among others of European repute are, first and chiefest, Hans v. Riedel, whom I have alluded to on several occasions in my recollections. He was a warm and affectionate correspondent for many years, both while in Vienna and later when he was Court Physician at Madrid. Others are the younger Doctor Rokitsansky, Kaposi, Unna of Hamburg, Neisser of Breslau, Behrends of Berlin, Pavlik, the gynecologist of Prague, Schnable, ophthalmologist of the same city. Czerny of Heidelberg, and Dubreuilh of Bordeaux. Most of these noted men have joined the majority. My letters from them are at the disposition of any to whom they might prove of interest, historical or otherwise.

I include a few documents from my superiors,

mostly translated from the German, in relation to matters pertaining to the war of 1870-71, as I think they may be interesting.

ANGLO-AMERICAN AMBULANCE

This is to certify that Dr. S. Sherwell has been attached to this Ambulance during the last three months as one of its Surgeons and with much pleasure to testify to the fact that he has worked with great diligence as well as having evinced much skill in a surgical as well as medical sense. He has performed numerous surgical operations during the time. It is now with regret that circumstances of a private character require him to part from among us.

T. T. PRATT,

Orleans, January 3, '70
66 Quai du Chatelet

Surgeon in Chief

By order of Staff General von Langenbeck, S. Sherwell, Doctor of Medicine of New York, is permitted the use of trains going into Germany.

Order issued Orleans,
4th of January, 1871

Since the 15th of October, S. Sherwell, Doctor of Medicine, has served here as Doctor of the Anglo-American Ambulance. He now wishes to go into Germany.

Orleans, 4th of January, 1871
B. von Langenbeck
Staff General

Dr. S. Sherwell is hereby ordered by the office of the Provost General to take charge of the transportation of the wounded from here to Corbeil.

Orleans, 6th of January, 1871

Dr. von Zedlitz

Office of the Provost General

In the "Afterword," I said that I have not committed myself to any lengthy treatise, but the following is a partial list of monographs and papers on various subjects, together with the dates and places in which they were published.

1. Pemphigus Foliaceus (Cazenave and Biett). Remarks and case shown. Archives of Dermatology, January, 1877.
2. Tattooing of Naevi. Proceedings of Am. Derm., February 13, 1877.
3. Popular Pathology, and Ordinary Treatment of Some Forms of Skin Disease, 1877.
4. Use of Linseed and Linseed Oil as Therapeutic Agents in Diseases of Skin. Archives of Dermatology, October, 1878.
5. Melano-Sarcoma. Archives of Dermatology, 1879.
6. Phthisis and its Throat Complications, 1879.
7. Paget's Disease of the Nipple (Malignant Papillary Dermatitis). Case exhibited at meeting of N. Y. Dermatological Society. N. Y. Journal Cut. and Ven. Dis., March, 1883.
8. Report of a Case of Pellagra. Journal Cut. and Ven. Dis., February, 1883.
9. Pseudo-Psoriasis of Palms. Journal Cut. and Ven. Dis. February, 1883.

10. Malignant Papillary Dermatitis (Paget's Disease). *Am. Journal American Sciences*, January, 1884.
11. Suggestions respecting Treatment of Acne and Acne Rosacea in the Male Subject. *Journal Cut. and Ven. Dis.*
12. Treatment of Scabies. Dry Powdered Sulphur Loti. *Transactions Med. Soc., State of New York*, Vol. II, No. 2.
13. Cases of Favus Contagion from the Lower Animals. *American Veterinary Review*. Nov., 1892.
14. Multiple Sarcomata. History of a case and treatment showing modification and amelioration of symptoms under large doses of arsenic. *Am. Journal of Med. Sciences*, Oct., 1892.
15. A Ready and Convenient Antiseptic Dressing (Charcoal) for Amputation and Other Open Wounds in Field Hospitals. Read at the surgical section of the International Medical Congress, London, 1881. Abstract reported in the proceedings. See also *Medical Record*, Nov. 14, 1896.
16. Remarks on and Queries as to the Relative Frequency of Pathological Changes in Moles and Other Tumors on Face and Head. *Proceedings of Am. Derm. Session*, 1897.
17. Cutaneous Manifestations of Diabetes Mellitus. *Med. News*, June 29, 1901.
18. Report of a Case of Xanthoma Diabeticorum—*Journal Cut. and Genito-U. Dis.*, Sept. 15, 1901.
19. The Uses of Arsenic in Cancerous Affections and Other Malignant Neoplasms. *Am. Assn. Transactions*, 1900.
20. Further Observations on the Technique of an

Efficient Surgical Procedure for the Removal and Cure of Superficial Malignant Growths. *The Journal of Cutaneous Diseases*. Oct., 1910. (This was read at the 34th annual meeting of the American Dermatological Association, May 3rd and 5th, 1910, and was an addition to a paper read before the State Medical Society of New York, January, 1908.)

In the years covered by the dates above, I invented a number of surgical instruments for Laryngological, Rhinological, and Dermatological use, such as Dermal curettes, serrated scissors, and others for Laryngological use. The list would take up unnecessary space; so I would refer those interested to Messrs. Tiemann of Park Row, New York, who made them all.

For one surgical novelty in the form of a suspensory splint, I feel obliged to claim priority. I allude to what is now known as the Hogden Splint, and used preferably in injuries of the lower extremities. I designed the exact splint, as it is now described by Campbell, Surgeon of the Long Island Hospital Medical College, and others, when an interne of the Brooklyn Hospital in 1869. This lateral instead of anterior splint, as is Nathan Smith's, was made for me by the blacksmith whose shop was directly opposite the Hospital.

The structure and material of the Hogden Splint are identical with mine,—a three-eighths

inch iron rod, the limb resting on strips of bandage below as cradle, with a few strips above to steady and secure it, allowing as Smith's splint did not, constant and free observation, irrigation, and cleanliness. It had but one point of suspension, a gallows of two pieces of scantling lashed to the iron bed, and a cross piece above, to which was affixed the suspending cord. With this I treated many cases of compound, often complicated, fractures of the lower extremities, both in Hospital, and in some cases for my visiting surgeons, Drs. Joseph Hutchinson and Fleet Speir.

The first case for which I used it was that of a man whose middle of lower limb had been run over by the wheel of one of the old horse street cars. The injury was serious, an operation seemed imperative at first, but the man made a good, not to say perfect, recovery by use of this appliance.

My colleague and friend, Doctor John D. Rushmore of the Long Island Hospital Medical College, has offered to confirm this statement for anyone doubting. He served as interne at the Brooklyn Hospital a year after my service there and made good use of this apparatus. But about this time the use of plaster of Paris in splint-making came particularly into mode and superseded to a large extent other appliances.

I wish to express my appreciation and ac-

knowledge my indebtedness to Miss E. B. Buhler of New York, and to Miss Jeanetta Jameson of Brooklyn, for their friendly encouragement and criticism and for their aid in indexing and typing many pages of manuscript, also, and more particularly, to my friend, Mr. E. H. Balch, for his assistance (amounting to collaboration) in editing and fitting my scattered manuscripts for publication.





WZ 100 S5542o 1923

56221180R



NLM 05297629 8

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE